

"Moresque" (1975-6), by R. B. Kline, is among a selection of his paintings and drawings on show at the Marlborough Gallery in London until June, when the exhibition will be transferred to Zurich.







NEW BOOKS  
March-April

## BIOGRAPHY

## Sanya

My Husband  
Aleksandr  
Solzhenitsyn

Natalya Reshetovskaya  
A searching, controversial study of Solzhenitsyn is provided by the one person in the world closest to him in this book. Natalya Reshetovskaya was married to Solzhenitsyn for thirty years from 1940 to 1970. £4.95 286 pages 18 pages of black and white photographs

## Clive

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General

Michael Edwardes  
Introduction by  
John Terzani

Michael Edwardes gives fresh insight into the character and life of one of the most colourful and enigmatic figures in the history of British India. Among the author's publications on Asian history are *The Last Years of British India*, *History of British India* and *Warren Hastings: King of the Nabobs*. £5.95 224 pages 60 black and white illustrations, 4 maps

## GENERAL

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from  
Cruiskeen  
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S. P. Orlman hailed *The Best of Mylena*, the first volume of selections from the Cruiskeen Lawn column in the *Irish Times*, as one of the supreme comic achievements of our language. This new collection includes many more hilarious Mylena adventures and the return of the preposterous Brother. £5.00 192 pages

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Graeme Cook, author of *Silent Raiders*, *Cameras in Action* and *Wings of Glory*, recounts the true stories that show the danger and excitement were the constant companions of the small boats who went to war in the Second World War. £3.50 160 pages

## FICTION

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Hart-Davis, MacGibbon

GRANADA PUBLISHING

## Elders and betters

By Blake Morrison

TREVOR KNEALE (Editor):  
Poetry in the Seventies  
112pp. Liverpool: Rondo Publications. £3.

HOWARD SERGEANT (Editor):  
New Poems 1976-1977  
167pp. Hutchinson. £3.50.

F. PRATT GREEN:  
The Old Couple  
Poems Now and Selected  
64pp. Stockport: Harry Chambers/Peterloo Books. £1.50.

ANTHONY EDKINS:  
Worry Beads  
Poems  
35pp. Stockport: Harry Chambers/Peterloo Books. 75p.

ELIZABETH SMART:  
A House  
55pp. Polyantronic Press. £1.95.

A casual purchaser of Trevor Kneale's *Poetry in the Seventies* might reasonably expect to find collected under such a title some of the best or most representative poetry of this decade. If so, he or she would be disappointed. The anthology contains 116 poems and 109 poets, and although some established names are included (Donald Davie, R. S. Thomas, Alan Brownjohn and Jon Silkin among them) most poets here are the little known and often mediocre talents who have appeared in Mr Kneale's magazine *Moridian*. Mr Kneale's preface, in which he explains that he has looked not for dazzling but for "durable" poetry, is followed by a vigorous introduction by Douglas Dunn, whose reflections on politics, tradition and technique make stimulating reading despite the fact that they have no bearing on, and would perhaps hold no interest for, the poets represented in this volume.

The PEN anthology, *New Poems 1976-1977*, represents the work of a year rather than a decade, but offers a far better impression not only because it contains poems which are both durable and dazzling—Ted Hughes's "His Legs Ran About" is certainly of this kind—but because Howard Sergeant's thematic arrangement of the book provides what he calls a "dialogue" and prevents its from becoming merely a tedious succession of isolated experiences. Charles Tomlinson, Peter Porter, Gavin Ewart, A. Alvarez and Brian Patten are among those represented.

Despite their claims to present work by exciting new writers, Mr Kneale and Mr Sergeant conspicuously fail to suggest that this country possesses unpublished

young poets of stature: on the admittedly groundless here only Frank Ormsby and Andrew Motion are unfortunate not yet to have published their first collections. This dearth of young talent may help to explain why since the demise of his magazine *Phoenix*, Harry Chambers has devoted his energy to the discovery of neglected or late-developing poets. Last year Mr Chambers published the *Horwich Hemets* of Edmund Leo Wright, a first collection by a poet in his late forties. The latest far from precocious addition to Mr Chambers's band of Peterloo Poets is the Reverend F. Pratt Green, a retired Methodist minister who will be familiar to readers who recall "The Old Couple", the title poem of this collection, from Philip Larkin's *Oxford Book of Twentieth Century Verse*. Larkin's admiration for Mr Green is easy to understand, for both poets are distinguished by their plain language, fidelity to domestic detail and unostentatious handling of form.

Like Larkin, and indeed like Bejman whose presence in this book is also possible to discern, Mr Green regards with a curious blend of compassion and condescension his local slice of life: he pities,

but also patronizes, women on holiday in Polperro who "too old for love/Dawdle down cobbled streets/Wearing their husbands like a glove"; he rails against, but half relishes, the "miserable contemporary of the plastic begonia in its plastic pot"; he recoils, but tries to do justice to, "a teenage world/Where we walk like aliens without passports/Hoping to get by". Such cautious help to make at least half a dozen poems here as enjoyable, if not finally as resonant, as anything written by his peers. It is only when the Reverend Green turns his attention to the subject on which he might be expected to feel most strongly, religion, that his failure to find a personal voice becomes apparent: in "Backslider", for example, the Blakean echo—"Why I cried, and the holy chapel/Surrounded by spikes and spears"—does not support, but points to the secondhand nature of Mr Green's own reflections on the life-denying practices of certain churches. Nevertheless, the level of competence in this book makes it a rewarding experience, and one of the most valuable to date of Mr Chambers's rediscoveries.

Anthony Edkins's birth date, quotidian manner and Larkinesque

sense of limits make him an obvious choice for the Peterloo Poets series, but he lacks the capacity to see beyond "the accumulating of memories/the hoarding of hand-capped anecdotes". The failure to present a meaningfully ordered view of experience is implicit in the alphabetical arrangement of *Worry Beads*'s collection of syllabic sonnets and in Mr Edkins's love of unpunctuated lists—"waiters farmers/brokers barbers burners" and so on.

Elizabeth Smart is another poet who late in life has suddenly been brought before the public; *A House* is the first work to have appeared since her novel *By Grand Central Station* (Lay Dutton and West) was published over thirty years ago. Though fresh and distinctive, Mr Smart's voice is reminiscent at times of Stevie Smith's quirky, quick to produce anti-life aphorisms, able to "keep a small-sized/Traffic in view" without becoming trite and sentimental. And as in Stevie Smith, the cynicism and even silliness of lines like "Plants are millions and millions of years older than us/But they never practise self-abuse" are constantly offset by more chilling images and insights.

Growing is the strange death in life that nobody mourns. The forgotten babies that filled the whole world When they were first born.



Laviell's engraving after Millet's drawing "Le Soir". Van Gogh's version of this scene, "La Fin de la Journée" (after Millet), is included in *Christie's sale of Impressionist and modern paintings in New York on May 16*. See also *Christie's sale of Impressionist and modern paintings in New York on May 16*. See also *Christie's sale of Impressionist and modern paintings in New York on May 16*.

## In search of creation

By Peter Scupham

DAVID HOLBROOK:  
Lost Bearings in English Poetry  
255pp. Vision Press. £5.80.

David Holbrook's polemic is designed as a china dog which is to be placed on the literary map, replacing the earlier found *New Bearings in English Poetry* which F. R. Leavis unleashed in 1932. Leavis posited the existence of a post-Romantic poetic founded on "night and dream which crippled the mind and paralysed the body" and that Holbrook's polemic is designed to replace the earlier found *New Bearings in English Poetry* which F. R. Leavis unleashed in 1932. Leavis posited the existence of a post-Romantic poetic founded on "night and dream which crippled the mind and paralysed the body" and that Holbrook's polemic is designed to replace the earlier found *New Bearings in English Poetry* which F. R. Leavis unleashed in 1932.

Lost Bearings in English Poetry is a restatement of the position of poetry in life—a kind of funeral oration for the Lacanian of art, strangled by the serpents of mechanistic philosophy. Holbrook's premise is that the creative elements in our culture have been increasingly demoralized by the dominance of a Cartesian world-view; at worst a black sensationalism; at best a black sensationalism. To express, as a sensitive instrument, such a world-view is therefore no sign of poetic health. When we study the capabilities which constitute the poetic works of Holbrook's students we find that "Pound's *Musicality* is a poem about the failure of creative perception; that Eliot shares with him an inability to confer meaning on the world through love; that Hardy can find no release from the union of a Greek tragic sense with scientific materialism; until love becomes redemptive in the *Veteris Vestigia Flammis* sequence, and that the *Flammis* of *Crucifixion* has taken us on a trip round a Chamber of Horrors to a final sterile paralysis. Finally, Larkin, himself a sufferer from an inability to sympathize with or enter into the lives of others, has made his *Oxford Book of Twentieth Century Verse* a memorial to the failure of contemporary poetry to achieve any kind of transcendence. Against this, he suggests, excursions into practical criticism, full of scattered

insights, maddening repetitions, sensory truths, abstractions and moral judgments, are set two poems: Hardy's "After a Journey" and Yeats's "Among School Children". Poems whose resolutions annihilate time: healing fountains in desert landscapes. Holbrook's way forward is to look for regeneration through a new ordering of the cosmos. Poetry will continue to be the diverse, not the cure, until we accept that the Cartesian model is rapidly breaking up under the pressure of new disciplines. He sees in the picture created by philosophical biology and philosophical anthropology a new way of putting human imagination, consciousness and creative intention at the centre of the universe. The emphasis will then have moved from a shallowly materialistic anthropocentric universe, with a kind of iconoclastic protestantism under Newton and Descartes as the interregnum. Divine "grace" gives way to human "intention"; the primacy of the human creative self is the primacy. In this new spiritual humanism meaning is to be created rather than apprehended. The choices, as in Larkin's *New Bearings*, are stark: dream against actuality, reductionist philosophy against extensive life.

Though one can sympathize with much of Holbrook's diagnosis, and admire his fierce distaste for the "meaninglessly trembling black jelly of Beckett's world", his alternative is not necessarily the only one. Revelation is at a discount. For Holbrook the close of *Little Gidding* is "only a kind of magic" which "has little to say of Edwin Muir and David Jones or of living writers such as Robert Graves or E. E. Cummings". The select bibliography is a good deal too select. "Like de la Morte" Holbrook says of many poets of our age, "they have given us nothing to believe in the meaning of their own existence, but the pressures of what they believe in". De la Morte's vision, however, has genuine creative power. What? He explores the "ground of existence through images of great power: polarities and vacuity and suffering, healing and redemption. These images are given rather than sought, and a new receptivity can be placed against the celebratory thrust of what Holbrook sees as the "creative urge". And though Holbrook ends his book with an examination of Coleridge's "Dejection", an poem he sees as a "creative power" that man's own creative power is other than "an echo of the eternal AM". Those who are convinced of the "eternities" of the divine will have a wisdom worth attending to.

## Back to the Boat House

By Goronwy Rees

PAUL FERRIS:  
Dylan Thomas  
399pp. Hodder and Stoughton. £7.50.

DANIEL JONES:  
My Friend Dylan Thomas  
116pp. Dent. £3.95.

In the last chapter of his book, entitled "Dylan Thomas as an Industry", Paul Ferris describes the "industry" of public life, or notoriety, which has surrounded the poet since his death. His birthplace at Cwmdonkin Drive, Swansea, his home at the Boat House in Laugharne, have become places of pilgrimages. Full-length critical studies of him have appeared at a rate of rather more than one a year. Articles, memoirs, reminiscences have poured out in profusion. Universities compete for his manuscripts, and even the most ephemeral remnants of his writings, letters, working drafts, scraps of doggerel verse, are eagerly collected and collated.

He himself has become an international star comparable only with whatever rock-and-roll celebrity happens to occupy the stage at the moment: in death he has survived all. No English poet since Byron has occupied the public eye as much, and as in the case of Byron, this is not because of his poetry, but because of his life, his personality, his legend. There is of course the difference that Byron's celebrity on a scale only comparable with Napoleon's, in his own lifetime, which was even shorter than Thomas's. Only death confirmed Thomas's appointment with fame.

Mr Ferris's book is an important contribution to the Dylan Thomas industry; but since the industry has already suffered so much from over-production, one cannot help wondering whether the book is really necessary. One cannot resist a kind of sickness in the heart as one reads again the all too familiar tale of Thomas's childhood and adolescence, his family, his drinking, his sexual promiscuity, his like some bedtime story designed to put the child to sleep, but more likely to give them nightmares. One seems to breathe again the air of the beer-soaked streets of Swansea, on which Thomas took his first drunken steps to immortality.

Mr Ferris's own justification for his book is the material which has become available since Constant Fitzgibbon's admirable *Life of Dylan Thomas* published twelve years ago, together with what he is able to tell us as a result of some two hundred interviews with friends and acquaintances of Thomas. There is indeed quite enough, and rather too much, of such material. Like stocks accumulated by an industrial plant in order to guarantee future production; only somehow it does not compose a portrait of Thomas as he lived and was and one has the feeling that something vital and essential has been left out.

"A shilling life will give you all the facts", Auden once wrote in a poem about T. E. Lawrence; there are, even allowing for inflation, a good deal more than a shilling's worth of facts in Mr Ferris's book, only somehow they seem to obscure rather than illuminate Thomas's image, perhaps because most of them are unpleasant, whereas in life Thomas was a person whom it felt always a pleasure and a stimulation to meet and to know. There is something of a paradox here: but Mr Ferris does nothing to help one to solve it. In *Fitzgibbon's Life*, on the other hand, the outlines of the man are clear, and the many disagreeable and disagreeable scenes which Mr Fitzgibbon faithfully recounts.

Among the host of witnesses whom Mr Ferris has interviewed, and whose help he acknowledges, a notable absentee is Dr Daniel Jones. This is curious, because Dr Jones was both Thomas's oldest, longest and best friend and as it were a next-door neighbour of Ferris and Thomas himself in their native Laugharne. Perhaps Mr Ferris felt that Dr Jones had already been persecuted too much, as he himself describes, by labourers in the Dylan Thomas industry. But the omission is unfortunate, because of Thomas's

friends. Dr Jones was certainly the one who knew, understood and loved him best, and was loved in return.

By a lucky coincidence, however, Dr Jones has chosen this moment to publish his own reminiscences of his friend. *My Friend Dylan Thomas* is a very short, and cheap, book, compared with Mr Ferris's, but if one were asked what Thomas was really like, and how far his life and personality might help us to understand his poetry, one would unhesitatingly refer the inquirer to Dr Jones rather than to Mr Ferris.

Of course Dr Jones has, in this matter, a great many advantages, of which his long friendship with Thomas is only one. In the first place, he is exceptional in having a distinguished musician and composer to whom the ways of a creative writer are not something bizarre and esoteric but as natural and familiar as cooking a pie or making a bed. And, as a musician, he is exceptionally in having a deep and wide knowledge of literature, in many languages, so that his friend was not to him an eccentric freak, but one of a long and great line of poets, of whom some behaved at least as outrageously as he did, and many wrote very much better. And lastly, his friendship with Thomas was of a very special kind, being based on a peculiarly close and intimate relationship during precisely those years of boyhood and adolescence in which Thomas's mind was at its most fruitful and creative, and produced the seeds of the twelve or fifteen very beautiful poems on which his reputation is securely based.

For these reasons, though Dr Jones's book covers much of the same material as Mr Ferris's, it is in kind of way a rehearsal of all too familiar details, but at every point adds some fresh, illuminating and deeply considered insight into our understanding both of Thomas himself and of his poetry. One has only to compare, for instance, Dr Jones's account of the strange family in Cwmdonkin Drive with Mr Ferris's to see how much closer Dr Jones comes to the heart of the matter, and this is true at every point at which their material overlaps.

In this sense, *My Friend Dylan Thomas* does not belong to the Dylan Thomas industry at all; it belongs rather to those writings, like *My On First Acquaintance with Poets*, or *De Quincey's Reminiscences of the Lake Poets*, which convey to us something of the wonder and exhilaration which direct contact with writers and artists can sometimes, though by no means always, inspire; whereas the products of the Thomas industry sometimes make one feel that the poet was nothing but an appalling and ludicrous bore.

Dr Jones has rigidly resisted any temptation to write a life of Thomas, or to make any kind of assessment of his literary achievement, which he has done elsewhere in his *Dylan Thomas: The Poems*. He confines himself as closely as possible to his friendship with

Thomas and to a careful analysis of the feelings which that experience aroused in him. Nevertheless, he is left, like Mr Ferris, to offer some explanation of the paradoxes in Thomas's character, to which he indeed offers some valuable clues.

But there is one clue which, one feels, is missing from both books, and this is slightly odd, because both writers are natives of the society in which Thomas grew up and the clue, if it exists, lies as it were beneath their noses. Both Mr Jones and Mr Ferris emphasize the importance to Thomas of his Welsh background, but neither take the trouble to inquire, perhaps because they are too close to it themselves, what exactly the quality and structure of that background was, or whether some of the more baffling aspects of Thomas's character were not a direct reflection of its own contradictions.

For it was, as it remains, the background of a society in a process of rapid disintegration and decay, and of equally rapid transformation. It was also a society which was confronted, across its borders, by another which seemed, in Thomas's day at least, immeasurably more powerful and stable. Thomas's father had been permanently embittered about the society he had rejected himself, and to a certain extent succeeded, but never so much that he ever really felt at home in the new society. To add to the loss of a language, Thomas's father and mother were both native Welsh speakers and his father spoke Welsh with the same scholarly and inhuman precision with which he spoke English. Thomas, as far as one knows, never had the slightest inclination to speak Welsh, and one has a strong feeling that his father, for reasons of ambition, discouraged him from doing so.

Thomas, one feels, as a boy and an adolescent absorbed all the implications of this situation, and tried to internalize them in a language of his own, sometimes in a few poems, with a success which is both dazzling and deeply moving. But the strain, one feels, was very great. One can see, on visits to Laugharne, how much of his father's attitude as some Red Indian shuffling between his reservation and the wilderness and demagoguery of the white man's city; or of some Australian aborigine, with magical powers, with mysterious natural powers, on a wildcat which found a drunkard and in the gutters of an alien township.

One would not like, at this moment, to stimulate the Thomas industry to further output; yet somewhere, one feels, in one of these universities which so assiduously collect whatever there is left of Thomas's literary remains, in Texas or in Buffalo, some aspiring and clever student might consider, as a subject for a thesis, the question of Thomas as an urgent case for treatment for acute cultural shock.

Some of the pleasures and pains of the special occasions such as weddings or harvest times; brief descriptions of these gatherings appear with the recipes. In this way the book reveals glimpses of a way of life, both in the country, and in the industrial valleys, which may have all but disappeared.

The illustrations, photographs in colour and black and white, tell even more. They show clean scrubbed kitchens, whitewashed walls, polished stone, burnished pans and fenders, black iron ranges polished like steam engines, cosy seats beside the fire and gentle ladies at work in clean floral pin-flores. The collectors of cauldrons and griddles could also study this book with advantage, not that all the recipes are that easy to follow; the skill which is required for making the cakes is a special skill, but the book, but I shall keep on trying.

Susan Campbell

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## HER LIFE AND WORK

by MARGARET MAISON

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Devoted monthly can, however, in the long run be as much a passport to suffering as any other. Perhaps it explains the editors, after her death, of the works of Pearl Crabbe. Her epitaph was compared with those of Oscar Wilde... and her personal anguish for her contemporaries was recalled in many memoirs.

John Oliver Hobbs appears as the second in the *Makers of the Nineties* series edited by Dr G. Krishnamurti and it will be disconcerting to those who have already come to expect high standards of scholarship in the production of the *Nineties* series.

Dr. Malouin's research has filled in many gaps, transcribing a sketch into a portrait. Superficially, John Oliver Hobbs was a dandy, slightly brittle epigrammatist, a kind of female Oscar Wilde, writing novels and plays compounded of vivacity, epigram and paradox, and engaged in a fruitless and vain struggle with the world. It is wrong to mistake her confessions for confessions.

Dr. Malouin is particularly helpful in placing the novels, both critically and against the background of biographical circumstance. Her research has added considerably to our knowledge of John Oliver Hobbs and she has produced a short study that is a model of all it should be.

Once again, Steven Sinatra's stylish nineties cover design supplies an enticingly elegant period touch.

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## In the affirmative

By Alastair Fowler

JOHN GLENN:  
Charles W. S. Williams: A Checklist  
138pp. Kent (Ohio): Kent State  
University Press. \$7.50.

It is impossible to write about Charles Williams without falsification. Inevitably one must say (but what a travesty of the truth) that he is a cult author. It is false to call him an oddity, or an eccentric enthusiast; for his enthusiasm has a way of enduring. He did not succeed as poet, or as a dramatist; nor greatness as a critic or literary historian or biographer—or even, quite as a novelist. Yet to say that his personality (for his saintliness) is what explains his great influence on T.S. Eliot, W.H. Auden, C.S. Lewis and others would be wrong too. He was, I suppose, a visionary and an imaginative thinker. Certainly when I was a student his theology seemed to me one of the very few things that mattered. Later, in the 1950s, his novels acquired wide vogue and appeared in paperback editions. They have never had the popular appeal of Lewis's and Tolkien's. But of all that wildly diverse group of Oxford writers who met to read their work to each other, Williams is in some ways the most interesting. He is the most affirmative, the most open to life, and may turn out to have as much staying power as any.

It is a welcome thing, therefore, to have a more complete checklist of Williams's work than those in Anne Ridler's *Image of the City* and many others. Sheldon's *Theology of Romantic Love*. Lois Glenn in Charles W. S. Williams: A Checklist attempts to give "a complete list (in order of publication) of Williams's published writings in all genres. No mean task, with such a prolific writer. Williams published more than 200

reviews, besides the six biographies, seven novels, seven volumes of poetry, and the theological works. She also lists more than 200 books, articles and theses on Williams, together with reviews and quotations of his work. This part of the work is particularly useful, and will greatly assist the critical and scholarly work on Williams that is already becoming considerable, both in quantity and quality.

However, the effort devoted to the secondary material must in one way be judged disproportionate: it is not matched by an adequate attention to Williams's own works. The descriptions of these are much too sketchy. True, they are annotated, sometimes usefully. But often the notes embarrass



## Intelligence corps

By T. J. Binyon

DONALD MCCORMICK:

Who's Who in Spy Fiction  
215pp. Elm Tree Books. £4.95.

This book is not everything the title might suggest. It does not tell us, for instance, Building Drummond's club (The Agency), or James Bond's recreations (bridge, golf and seducing bored wives). It confines itself to their creator, and gives a great deal of information on 128 authors of "spy fiction", three-quarters of whom are still writing.

In his introduction Donald McCormick begins a short historical survey of the genre by lamenting the difficulty of defining it in precise terms. He adds that some authors he approached were reluctant to let their works be described as "spy fiction", and that others preferred not to be included. It is a pity that he did not take these broad hints and give his book a more general and more unadorned title, which would have both allied the writers' scruples and cured the apologetic tic manifested in a number of entries by phrases such as: "critics may dispute", "purists may repudiate", or "before critics can raise their hands and object", when justifying the inclusion of certain authors.

In fact, what causes this critic's hands and huckles to rise is not the inclusion, but the exclusion. A few minutes' thought provides the following list of omitted authors, not all of whom would have had to be consulted for permission: Desmond Bagley, Nigel Balchin, Agatha Christie, Freeman Wille Crofts (for *Death of a Train*), Jocelyn Davey, Lionel Davidson, John Fergusson, Michael Gilbert (for *Be Shot for Sixpence*), Adam

Hall (the Quiller series), Kipling (for *Kim*), Gavin Lyall (for *The Most Dangerous Game*), John P. Marquand (for *Mr. Moto*), John Masters, Ross MacKenzie, O'Donnell (the Modesty Blaise series), Jules Verne (for *Michael Straggles*), Colin Watson (for *The Band parading in Hopjays was Here*) and Stanley Weyman (for *Under the Red Rover*).

The fact that Mr McCormick has confined himself to a relatively small number of authors (but not only to ones who have written more than one example of the genre) does mean that he can deal with them in detail, though by no means all of them deserve a lengthy treatment: a number of contemporary reputations are undeservedly and indiscriminately inflated.

Mr McCormick's primary criterion of excellence—which goes some way in explaining his selection—is verisimilitude. A novel which flatters the CIA dovecots, or causes the KGB to mutter uneasily, must be good (it is depressing to realize that the most avid readers of spy fiction, for profit rather than pleasure, are spies themselves). He points out how many of his authors have been concerned in intelligence work, and twice comments in amazement on the fact that Eric Ambler, whose work he rightly regards as superlative, has never had any connections with the business. But he fails to draw any conclusions from this; it is Ambler's authenticity, rather than his skill, which he admires. His view, and that of far too many of his selected writers, is summed up in a remark made by one author, a former Regular Army officer:

Throughout the period I was serving in the Army I was fortunate to hold a variety of appointments on the staff of desert, jungle, and mountain troops, and was for a time an instructor at the School of Infantry, specializing in mech-

anized warfare as well as nuclear and chemical warfare. All the above experiences have been very helpful to me as a writer.

There are a number of obvious errors and omissions. The title of Bushon's book is *Mr. Moto*, not *Michael Straggles*; the hero of *The Band parading in Hopjays was Here* is not Stanley Weyman (for *Under the Red Rover*).

The need for encapsulated knowledge is by no means a new phenomenon, although publishers at least are aware that the need has never before been quite so numerous. The encyclopedia of this now jostles with the encyclopedia of that, while both are threatened by the encyclopedia of this, that and the other. Between the single volume "desk encyclopedia" and the thirty-volume content of all knowledge lies an almost infinite series in the balance between depth and coverage, so that when (as here) it is claimed that the work contains "all the general knowledge you will ever want", nothing is risked and the publishers themselves can put out more specialized or more general books on exactly the same topic. One is thus a little wary of yet another "library of knowledge", but in this case the reservations are small.

The Library is arranged in ten volumes, beginning with the physical sciences and biology, continuing with man, his culture and technology, followed by an almanac, atlas and gazetteer, and ending with two index volumes with about 40,000 short factual entries. Judging from these first two volumes (3 and 8 in a series that will presumably stretch to about three thousand pages), the scope, the detail and the quality are impressive. The system adopted is the virtually self-contained volume of about a thousand words flanked by excellent drawings and diagrams, of which the one at the top right corner is labelled "key" and is a pictorial summary of the subject-matter. The spreads are visually attractive, a little crowded but extremely easy to read. Each entry contains an introductory passage, followed by three topics or aspects of the main subject. While this text is adequate support for the pictorial matter, the latter is sufficiently well captioned to stand on its own. The result is akin to the Rupert Bear formula where narrative is presented with increasing complexity in a series from headline to picture to rhyming couplet to full text. *The Natural World* has

## Inviting spread

By P. J. P. Whitehead

JAMES MITCHELL (General Editor):

The Natural World  
271pp.Mant and Machines  
261pp.The Mitchell Beazley Joy of Knowledge Library  
Mitchell Beazley, £12.50 each.

The need for encapsulated knowledge is by no means a new phenomenon, although publishers at least are aware that the need has never before been quite so numerous. The encyclopedia of this now jostles with the encyclopedia of that, while both are threatened by the encyclopedia of this, that and the other. Between the single volume "desk encyclopedia" and the thirty-volume content of all knowledge lies an almost infinite series in the balance between depth and coverage, so that when (as here) it is claimed that the work contains "all the general knowledge you will ever want", nothing is risked and the publishers themselves can put out more specialized or more general books on exactly the same topic. One is thus a little wary of yet another "library of knowledge", but in this case the reservations are small.

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just over a hundred spreads, mostly shaped by a taxonomic structure but with a third devoted to aspects of evolution, ecology, conservation and so on. Various morphological, physiological and behavioural topics are given separate spreads within the relevant major animal or plant section (eg. plant reproduction, bird migration, mammal behaviour). The writing is stylistically plain but quite clear, and does not hesitate to use (and explain) unfamiliar terminology. Very many animals are beautifully illustrated, sometimes in natural settings and always identified by number or outline key; very few photographs are used. The diagrams are in some cases rather complicated and, although every attempt has been made to explore interesting modes of presentation, there are times when the message has to be teased out.

The specialist will inevitably judge by the treatment afforded to his own study, and a common response will be that, apart from invertebrates or even hawtorns, the articles are all right as far as they go. Taken as a whole, however, they go far enough to inform the interested adult, to fuel the level and refresh the A-level student (as well as fill in gaps), and to provide ammunition for the parent interrogated by offspring of almost any age. A certain amount of purely factual information is missing, but this is promised in the final two volumes of the series. Taken as a general compendium of scientific data, and as a child volume must be judged highly successful.

Man and Machines is constructed on exactly the same lines. Its major categories are growth of technology, materials and techniques, power, machines, transport, weapons, engineering, communications, industry, chemistry and domestic engineering. The spreads are as if anything even more inviting than in the previous volume. Although many of the topics are introduced historically, there is not always a clear line to be traced. Some of the more recent developments, such as the microchip, have not yet been included. The whole of our technology is not covered, but the book is a very good introduction to the subject.

In a preface to each of the volumes, Lord Butler doubts that any other group of publishers could be credited with producing such comprehensive and modern encyclopaedias as this. It does not surprise me. *The Natural World* is, in my opinion, the best attempt yet achieved to find the elusive midpoint in size, coverage and cost.

## Indigenous Indonesian

By A. C. Milner

M. C. RICKLEFS and P. VOORHOEF:

Indonesian Manuscripts in Great Britain

237pp. Oxford University Press. £16.

Although the Netherlands is the principal European source of manuscripts in Indonesian languages, important collections nevertheless exist in Britain. Malay manuscripts, for the most part collected by British administrators in Malay and Sumatra, are the best known of these Indonesian materials. But a considerable number of manuscripts in other languages were also obtained. John Crawford and Sir Stamford Raffles, for instance, acquired an extensive collection of Javanese manuscripts during the British occupation of Java (1811-16).

This work is the first published catalogue of Indonesian manuscripts in British public collections. Certain manuscripts have been listed and described in scholarly journals, but many are catalogued here for the first time. P. Voorhoeve and M. C. Ricklefs have included manuscripts in twenty-seven languages: Malay, Javanese, Balak, works, however, for the largest proportion. A. C. Milner is preparing a detailed catalogue of the small but interesting Buginese and Makasarese collec-

## Father to the ape-man

By Rodney Needham

IRWIN FORGES:

Edgar Rice Burroughs

The Man Who Created Tarzan

820pp, with 270 illustrations.

New English Library. £19.50.

"I had this story from one who had no business to tell it to me, or to any other." As an opening sentence by Joseph Conrad these astutely arresting words might claim comparison with famous beginnings: "All happy families are alike . . . or Someone must have been telling lies about Joseph K. . . ." Only it was not Conrad who wrote them: it was Edgar Rice Burroughs, and the work of literature that they open is *Tarzan of the Apes*.

Burroughs was born in 1875 and the present account of his life by Irwin Forges was published in the United States by the Brigham Young University Press, last year in order to mark the centenary. It was undertaken in response to a proposal by the vice-president of Edgar Rice Burroughs, Inc. (this is important), at Tarzana, California, that a definitive biography should be brought out. The firm opened a warehouseful of archives, imposed no untoward conditions, and exercised no censorship. Cele (Mrs) Forges spent three years delving in family and business files.

Burroughs's son Hulbert chose the pictures and suggested factual corrections and additions. The result is a hefty compilation: a 8 x 11in. over 2in. thick, nearly 5lb on the scales. The pages are in double columns, making in fact about 1,600 pages of text. The work is replete with notes and appendices, including a complete list of Burroughs's writings, and it has an extensive index. Clearly the job has been done with great conscientiousness, and it really ought to be definitive. Not merely weighty, it is also ponderous, and to read it straight through is exhausting. Morally, in particular, it is taxing, and its effect is a profound depression. This is not entirely the fault of Mr Forges, but it reflects what both he and his subject relentlessly convey of the quality of a man's life.

Burroughs always thought he had acquired a defective education, and even when he had become a popular writer he was still seeking instruction in grammar and punctuation. He had been sent to Andover, but was dismissed for idleness after only one semester. Instead of following his elder brothers to Yale, he enlisted as a trooper in the 7th Cavalry and served in Arizona. The sequel, brutality, and later incompetence of the army did not eradicate a romantic military ardour.

At thirty he applied for a commission; later he pursued a rumoured appointment as cavalry instructor in the Chinese army; in a mock autobiographical sketch he described himself as honoured with the rank of captain in the imperial guard of the Tsar (he also repre-



Edgar Rice Burroughs photographed on the Pacific coast in 1916; and an early, but not the first, screen Tarzan, Jim Pierce in *Tarzan and the Golden Lion*, 1926. From Irwin Forges's biography, reviewed here.

sented his mythical self, more pathetically, as having spent two years at Oxford); he seems to have realised the bluff camaraderie of his over-aged military cronies on the sidelines of the Second World War and, after literary success was bought by Thomas Meccall who was to prove a "constantly helpful editor, and in December Burroughs began *Tarzan of the Apes*. He got \$700 for the serial rights and by the succeeding June he had committed himself to the novel career of a writer of popular fiction. Thereafter came mounting fame and abundant material rewards, but on other counts his fortunes suffered dimly: he was reportedly accused (without obvious justice) of plagiarism, his helpmeet turned alcoholic, he divorced and made a second marriage that failed, nearly got caught up (his adult sons were vigilant in defence of the family interests) with an unsuitable lady, took to heavy drinking, had his stories rejected by publishers, worried once again about money, perpetually resented the scorn of literary critics, and in 1950 died at the age of nearly seventy-five.

Mr Forges has tried to make Burroughs the man, rather than the author of *Tarzan*, and this biography. Hulbert Burroughs



Edgar Rice Burroughs photographed on the Pacific coast in 1916; and an early, but not the first, screen Tarzan, Jim Pierce in *Tarzan and the Golden Lion*, 1926. From Irwin Forges's biography, reviewed here.

thinks his father would have been pleased by it. In many ways it would be more encouraging to think that he would not have been. There are indeed passages from letters in which Burroughs comes across as rather decent and sympathetic and unpretentious, but these are not the predominant impressions. He is said to have "joined a soaring imagination with a cold dollars-and-cents practicality", and Mr Forges repeatedly stresses, with obvious approval, his shrewd ability as a businessman, but the coldly insistent records of wordage and rates and rights which make up a major part of the book do not make captivating reading. When we glimpse other aspects of the non-businessman, he emerges as unsocial, overbearing, reactionary (he had a "detestation" of liberalism), fanatical, he advocated the sterilization of criminals and the mentally incapacitated, lauded strength and commercial acumen, and could not stand conversation, preferring cards and drink.

His son adds some touching indications of Burroughs's insecurity and aversion from any exposure of his inner self, but these do not much brighten a delectable picture. Something of the dispiriting effect of this instance, certainly the fault of the biographer, who for

A more rewarding line to take, for the present, is to forget the go-ahead operator in search of profits and real estate, and to return to what really counts, the original work. *Tarzan of the Apes* does remain part of the legacy of popular literature in English, whether the critics so much resented by its author like the fact or not. (It is too bad that Burroughs would never have read Beckett. If he would have, he might have turned away in a duel of invective, vanquished by Beckett's crushing term of vilification, "Créteil.") No wonder all poor Vladimir could muster as response was a shocked "Oh I!". To read *Tarzan* again lifts or once the despondency induced by the narrative of Burroughs's life, as a clever and colourful plot is rapidly developed towards the dramatic ending, which of course is not the end, of *Tarzan's* noble act of abnegation. Within patent limits that it would be dull to quarrel over, and in a style that no one contends is comparable with that of George Eliot or Tolstoy (though Conrad is in places another matter), Burroughs was a craftsman. And if there is ever to be an anthology of last lines, there could well be made room for the artful impact of these: "My mother was an Ape, and of course she couldn't talk. This instance, certainly the fault of the biographer, who for

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# Women's business

By P. D. James

JRAN DONNISON:  
Midwives and Medical Men  
250pp. Heinemann. £6.50.

When the Bishop of London in 1686 issued his licence authorizing Mrs Ellen Perkins to practise as a midwife the conditions which she had to accept were not open to any matter of dispute. The conditions were that she should be a native-born Englishwoman, of good character, and that she should be a member of the parish of St Dunstons, where she was to practise. The conditions were also that she should be a member of the parish of St Dunstons, where she was to practise. The conditions were also that she should be a member of the parish of St Dunstons, where she was to practise.

Although the process of childbirth in medieval and post-Renaissance Europe was a focus of ancient superstitions, religious dogma and physiological ignorance, Mrs Perkins had at least had the experience of bearing her own children and learnt her practical skill at the bedside of labouring women. The few men midwives of might be called in to more profitable cases, even these advantages and had added their own pseudo-scientific superstitions to those of religion and witchcraft. When Jules Clement attended the Dauphin's wife in 1692 he bled her at regular intervals throughout the thirty hours of her labour, wrapped her in a newly flayed sheepskin which had been taken from the live animal in the actual lying-in chamber, forcibly kept her awake for several hours, and finally, although this was in the middle of an August heatwave, sealed up her room and confined her to bed without even the light of a candle for nine days.

But Jules Clement was in the minority. Up to the seventeenth century childbirth was traditionally women's business, as it had been from time immemorial, involving a livelihood for wives and widows and highly lucrative rewards for the more educated practitioners who attended royalty and the aristocracy. Mrs Hester Shaw, who had the midwifery house in London and possessions in a fire in 1650, had her estate at over £3,000. Men midwives, not all of them medically qualified—were employed in emergencies and their advent, not in-

frequently on all fours so that female modesty might not be outraged by their presence, usually presaged the death of both mother and child. It was probably true, as one midwife claimed, that "the poor country people are as fruitful, and as safe and well delivered, if not much more fruitful and better commonly childbed than the aristocratic Ladies of the Land".

But from the 1720s onward this traditionally female occupation began to pass into the hands of men, and a trend began which was not to be reversed until the second half of the next century. Jean Donnison, in *Midwives and Medical Men*, tells the story of women's struggle both to retain their right to attend each other in childbirth and to fit themselves for this task. The book is based on an academic thesis and has for the general reader both the merits and disadvantages of its provenance; it is scholarly and meticulously researched if lacking a personal voice. But the story told is fascinating, not least because the struggles and disputes Dr Donnison so admirably relates reverberate today through our contemporary controversies. The fight, so far from being over, is being renewed.

The bitter and protracted battle for the dominant role in midwifery and the movement for the training, professional recognition and public respectability of the midwife are all with all the acrimony encountered in disputes that are basically about money. The man had the advantages of an education and scientific training then denied to women; of being more fashionable (it was a mark of prosperity and gentility to be able to afford an accoucheur as opposed to an accouchouse); and of masculine prestige. The women could rely on tradition, practical experience, gentleness and skill, and an appeal to female modesty. Men, it was claimed, crossed the natural barrier of a natural process to bolster their own skills, mangled mothers and murdered children by their cruel, now-forgotten forepicks and threatened widely fidelity by employment which gave the women access to the very citadel of female virtue.

The arguments of modesty and delicacy produced an interesting paradox, particularly in the nineteenth century and under the influence of the evangelical revival. Prudery, which demanded that the women should have the right to be intimately attended by one of her own sex, at the same time made the profession of midwife unacceptable to respectable women. Ironically midwifery did not share the dignification of nursing as a "high and holy office" for the emerging middle class, the image of the drink-sodden, immoral midwife, the manager of sexual intrigues and "travelling friends to lechers" had long been part of the folklore of parturi-

tion. The word "midwifery" itself was not respectable, while the event which it represented was unmentionable in polite society. Miss Louisa Hubbard, first president of an association of midwives, said that the status of midwifery by its recruitment and training of educated women, an association which was ultimately to become the Royal College of Midwives, was herself not immune from this prevailing prudery. "My dear, I wish that there was another word for you", she remarked to a midwife member of the association who was visiting her home. "It would be so awkward if we used it just when the footman came in to put on coats."

Miss Hubbard's main interest was in using her considerable wealth to extend employment opportunities for women. Ever since the first census in 1801 returns had shown an excess of women over men which, by 1851, had risen to a quarter of a million. For those women denied marriage, and for the widowed, employment opportunities were restricted. The lower classes were condemned to the drudgery of domestic service, educated to the overstocked and poorly paid occupation of governess, while for widows encumbered with children the outlook was bleak. The inducement held out by Miss Hubbard's Maternity Aid Society and its supporters to persuade educated women to enter midwifery was primarily the prospect of a living wage. It was accepted that the work would be chiefly among the poor for fees of 4s to 6s in the country and 5s to 7s in London. But the society claimed that as much as £80 a year could be earned in this practice, while there would be opportunity to take private cases for which tradespeople could be expected to pay as much as a guinea. The alms of these ladies who wished to promote the recruitment of midwives are probably best expressed in a prospectus of the British Ladies' Lying-In Institution established in March 1829:

"It offers instruction and employment to well educated females, and is designed to replace the practice in the hands of that sex which nature and common sense alike point out, while it tends to arrest the mischievous and desperate operations of violent male adventurers. The influx of educated gentlewomen into midwifery, some from philanthropic motives but many in search of a livelihood, had important consequences for the profession. The leaders of this vocal and influential group were the spearhead of the ultimately successful battle for the reinstatement of midwifery as a respectable occupation and for state registration, a means to that end but then depended for success on the cooperation and good will of medical men,

many of whom, while anxious to see a body of adequately trained women available for work with the poor, wished to restrict the professional scope and independence of these women and to make them subordinate to the medical profession. Although the promoters of successive midwives' Bills in the nineteenth century had enjoyed a selfless support of many distinguished medical men, the Midwives Act in 1902, which at last conferred state registration on midwives and laid the foundations of the present law, was an achievement by women for women. In spite of its limitations and defects—it still gave doctors a dominant voice in the regulation of midwives and subjected the women, both professionally and in their private conduct, to a local authority supervision more appropriate to the licensing of tradesmen—it was nevertheless, a considerable achievement for those women who, in the words of the secretary of the Midwives' Institute, "had worked unflinchingly through the hard years of indifference, contempt, suspicion, to a modicum of consideration and respect, in order to create a respected and worthy status".

In her final chapter Dr Donnison briefly recounts the events since 1902, through the Midwives Acts of 1911 and 1936 to the advent of the National Health Service and the hospital-based, male-dominated specialized obstetric service of the present day. Associated with the modern policy of routine admission to a hospital has been an increase in the number of foreign births and artificially induced labours, and a decrease in the status of the midwife as an independent practitioner. These changes are far from being generally accepted. Freed now from most of the perils of childbirth and from the prudery which inhibited the earlier reformers, women are increasingly ready to question the assumptions of a male-dominated medical profession and to demand a more sensitive concern for the mother's emotional needs during pregnancy and childbirth. For among all the arguments about the management of parturition one fact remains indisputable. It is women and only women who can carry and give birth to children and this, as Dr Donnison points out, ensures that childbirth remains in the last analysis "women's business".

In the labour ward all men are theoreticians. There are probably as many views about what constitutes the ideal childbirth as there are women who hold them, and in a specialty where today's orthodoxy is tomorrow's superstition the individual probably knows best what is right for her. Some women, no doubt, would feel most at home with return to the female buccanalia of the Middle Ages, literally life-enhancing, in

which the labouring woman was supported in her own home by the presence of neighbours and friends and tended by a trusted and familiar midwife. Others—but one suspects rather fewer—might prefer the aseptic impersonality and intensive scientific care of a modern labour ward into which, ideally, they would be wheeled deeply anaesthetized, preferring to know as little as possible about an experience in which other women positively participate and claim to enjoy. Dr Donnison commends the practice of many hospitals in encouraging the husband to be present at the birth of his children and deploring that others merely tolerate his participation. But here, too, it might be possible for a husband to refuse the privilege without being made to feel cravenly chauvinistic, just as it should be possible for a wife to opt to do without him without the imputation that her marriage is thereby somehow diminished. Now that the Sex Discrimination Act means that men are to be allowed to qualify as midwives one need not be a pride to wish to be attended by a woman, nor anti-feminist if one happens to prefer a man.

No one can deny the contribution which medical science and men have made over the past four centuries to obstetrics; it is largely because of their endeavours that women have been increasingly delivered from what the Book of Common Prayer describes as "the great pain and peril of childbirth". But it is, nevertheless, ironic that 100 years after Parliament announced that a woman wishing to be attended by a female doctor ought to have that doctor appointed to her by the local authority, a choice that is generally available in this country. It would be unfortunate if the officially encouraged policy of admitting women to hospital for their deliveries and the increasing mechanization of labour which results so restricts the role of the female midwife that she is in danger of disappearing, as she has virtually disappeared in the United States. What women surely want is the greatest flexibility, the widest choice which can be reconciled with the safety work of themselves and of their children. But how is that safety to be measured when so many other factors—general health, housing, class, education—delicately affect the issue?

Dr Donnison rightly suggests that the maternity services would benefit from the rigorous testing of different types of care and treatment now applied to other specialties. But even if institutionalized childbirth is marginally safer, it is possible that the alleged benefits of scientific delivery do not compensate for the disadvantages, the violence so often done to the mother's dignity and sensitivity. And ought we to be thinking only of the mother? If some modern doctors are to be believed, a human being may be greatly influenced throughout his life by the way with which he comes into this increasingly violent and noisy world. Perhaps the feminist has its emotional rights.

But something worse was to happen in the seventeenth century. For it was then that the common law was exalted by Coke over the ecclesiastical and civil law which had become confused in some men's minds with prerogative courts and absolute monarchy. The future Lord survived partly because it was the leaseholder of Doctors' Commons, the courts in which ecclesiastical and civil law were practised until 1857. Very few Fellows were purged in the Commonwealth days, and in later years only one resigned his Fellowship as a non-juror. Charles Cawley in *Trinity Hall*, his history of the college, suggests that this may be regarded as evidence of a prudent caution proper to lawyers in steering clear of public controversy.

It could also, he admits, be due to the intellectual lethargy which settled upon the ancient universities in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. But he suggests that possibly far more undergraduates than is commonly imagined worked hard at their studies. The future Lord Chesterfield certainly did not, and liked the Hall because "it is the smallest, and it is full of lawyers who have lived in the world and know how to behave". Certainly the study of law at the Hall encouraged a gentlemanly entry and leavened the exceedingly dry fare of the classical and mathematical triposes as they were before the reforms of the nineteenth century.

Masters and Fellows succeeded each other over the years with scarcely a ripple of discontent or scandal. One Fellow was expelled for stealing books from the Cambridge libraries; another, on failing to be elected to a vacancy, petitioned the Lord Chancellor that as a member of the college he should have priority over one who was not. He lost his case on the grounds that a candidate must not merely be of decent moral character, but also be a good colleague. Mr Cawley comments: "It is perhaps rash to say that to circulate satirical epigrams about senior members of the University, including the senior tutor of his own College, 'Ah, well, he lost his case on the grounds that a candidate must not merely be of decent moral character, but also be a good colleague. 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## The whole Wittgenstein

Ludwig Wittgenstein published only one slim volume of philosophy in his lifetime, but he left vast quantities of manuscripts and notes which, if it is now estimated, will produce some 7,000 printed pages when published in full. His literary executors - G.E.M. Anscombe of Cambridge, Rush Rhees, formerly of Swanton, and G. H. von Wright of Helsinki - have edited many volumes drawn from the *Nachlass*, but the need has been increasingly felt for a complete and definitive text.

The problems involved in the editing and publishing of Wittgenstein's works were the subject of a symposium held this month in Tübingen, city of Hegel and Hölderlin, attended by philosophers, linguists, and computer experts from Germany, England, Italy, France, Finland and Canada, as well as the publishers, Blackwell of Oxford and Suhrkamp Verlag of Frankfurt.

Few twentieth-century writers present such problems to their editors. Except in the ten-year period after the First World War when he abandoned philosophy, Wittgenstein wrote incessantly, corrected and amended constantly, dictated to pupils and friends, destroyed, restored, rearranged, repeated himself, crossed out, crossed out the crossings out. He wrote paragraphs and remarks, often seemingly unconnected, because he felt that his thoughts became crippled if he tried to force them in any single direction against their natural inclination. He left behind blocks of thoughts and insights which he could never assemble into a complete philosophical edifice.

The work which is known as the *Big Typescript*, for example, had its origin in a series of small notes which were revised in the form of volumes of manuscripts further revised in the form of a typescript which was cut up and rearranged and then further revised several times. The text exists on six or more separate layers, and any full critical edition would have to discriminate between each textual level and show how the thought evolved.

Much of the symposium was devoted to the practical as well as the philosophical aspects of textual criticism. What should be done when the manuscript readings appear wrong or nonsensical? Should second thoughts be preferred to first thoughts, or vice versa? Parallel problems in the text-

ual criticism of Hölderlin and Conrad Ferdinand Meyer were discussed. The symposium, which marks the beginning of a new phase in Wittgenstein studies, defined the problems. Solutions will involve not only further discussion with Wittgenstein experts throughout the world, but also the establishment of a computerized "data base" which will enable the text to be thoroughly studied. The work is going ahead now under the direction of Michael Nedo of Tübingen with the assistance of H. J. Ringer (Tübingen), Brian McGuinness (Oxford), Michele Ranchetti (Florence), Marino Rossio (Florence) and Joachim Schulte (Oxford), and with financial support from the Fritz Thyssen Foundation.

It is hoped that by the mid-1980s the philosopher who once said that the only response to certain philosophical problems was silence, will be represented by some fourteen volumes of 500 pages each, which will contain every word of philosophy he ever committed to paper. Perhaps only then will it be possible to assess his contribution to philosophy justly.



Picasso's "Dust of Woman", 1901, is in Christie's New York sale on May 16 (see also caption, page 504).

## All the kings' women

What queen, a great beauty, "had four pairs of boots and romances"? Isabella of Angoulême, sometime wife of King John, will be familiar to any student of a new Jubilee handbook, *Carroll's Dictionary of English Queens, Kings' Wives, Celebrated Queens, Handfast Spouses and Royal Changelings*, a book half the size of its title, published by one J. L. Carr, apparently from a multiplicity of sources. In a sense that, improbably, includes Samuel Johnson, Hilaire, and John Aubrey, who would have time to conclude an anecdote in this format.

It is a royal and not altogether loyal hotpot in an attractively deep style: "a tranquil, beautiful, homebody married at fifteen to a fifty-year-old widower, Henry II, her true passion was nevertheless her husband's seven children, the second husband was a simple, personable shepherd's daughter who dreamed that the moon shone from her womb". With a few exceptions, as in the case of a "ravishing fruitcake", Ne Gwynne, the author does not see over her own nose, but clearly admires the deeply puttering up with the motto: "marriage to this is happy, liberated, impudent, messy, a nightmare". "A thin change of brunettes who devotedly to her husband through several ages of derangement" with advancing age came deafness and dignified indifference to her husband's infidelity.

He is hard on Queen Anne (a dull person, usually unwell, often uncharitable), but indulgent about Redoubt ("a wonderful lovely creature"), and more forgiving about the present incumbent ("marriage Philip Mountbatten has four children"). He confuses Georges II and III and is whimsically unjust to Elizabeth of Bohemia, of whom he says that "because of alternative spellings of her name less scrupulous biographers have given her several names, such as 'other women' - this is no job true, but the impressive sum of letters he records her, five kings all, an unimpeachable hand, she actually be distributed among the assorted to help of Northampton, they reappear on other pages, as different biographies, as Albigens, Albigens, two. Moreover, of the impiety he gaily records in a chimera with King Edward, the 23 severely writes: "no weight be given to the vile accusation, immediately made by 'men's writers'". In the time of the first Elizabeth ("a dancing idiot, a drunk, a sput, and a worse character"), pamphleteers lost the right hands for less.

J. L. Carr's address is 27 Mill Road, Kettering. The price of a pamphlet is 20p.

DAVID A. HOLLINGER: Morris R. Cohen and the Scientific Ideal. 262pp. MIT Press. £11.25.

Of all the teachers in the United States of his time, Morris R. Cohen was the most legendary. Dewey's fame was far greater, but the shy, retiring Dewey never became an emotional symbol for generations of students as Cohen did. What paved the way for Cohen's reputation was that he was the first philosopher to emerge from New York's Jewish East Side; a child of the new immigration from Eastern Europe, he won acceptance into the academy. At the free City College of New York, the students he taught were drawn from perhaps the most concentrated source of intellectual potential energy that has existed in any modern city: the gifted sons of the immigrant families of the Jewish lower classes. They ranged from future Nobel laureates to communist leaders, from scientific theorists to ideological theoreticians, jurists, poets, novelists, historians, philosophers, and editors of the *New York Times*.

He spoke to them as their fathers would have spoken, if those workmen had been sent, Pygmalion-like, to Harvard. His gentle, blended Yiddish intonations with classical metaphysics. Above all, Cohen was a humanist, a humanist who rendered his philosophic lines like a Second Avenue trapper, Hamlet of the East Side and King Lear of Washington Heights, all conjoined, while his bearing suggested a Spinoza of the tenements. Moreover, Cohen enjoyed helping to spread the Cohen legend. Stories were printed in the *Jewish Daily Forward* that he was one of the nine men in the world who understood Einstein's theory of relativity. He reviewed *Principles of Mathematics* in the *Forward*, and students for the next twenty years said in awe that he was the only man at the college who could read his curlicues, shiraks, and hooks, and understood his demonstration of theorems. Cohen was a teacher, a teacher who was reluctant to approve of Cohen's teaching philosophy rather than mathematics was not altogether wrong in view of Cohen's intellectual life. Cohen was a teacher, a teacher who was reluctant to approve of Cohen's teaching philosophy rather than mathematics was not altogether wrong in view of Cohen's intellectual life.

But what then of Cohen's ideas? Of all contemporary philosophers, Karl Popper is the one whom Cohen's work consistently calls to mind. Like Popper, Cohen wrote able and graceful chapters directed against historicism, sociological determinism, and Francis Bacon and the "myth of the inductive method".

Like Popper, he insisted that science begins with problems, and that conclusive verification is impossible. When I first read Popper's *Conjectures and Refutations*, I was struck by the echo of Cohen expounding the fallacy of "affirming the consequent": experiment could eliminate rival hypotheses but it could not certify the surviving one as true. At times, Cohen's argument would sink to a crude and irrelevant personal level as when he would observe sarcastically that Bacon was no scientist himself. None of his students, intimidated as they were, had the gumption to ask whether Cohen was a scientist.

Cohen's basic conception was what he called the principle of polarity. Unfortunately he could never give a clear account as to what it was. Sometimes it was the notion that every system was one of interactive forces tending towards an equilibrium, but it could also signify an Aristotelian doctrine of the mean, a Millite axiom of the many-sidedness of truth, and the denial of any materialistic or ideational monism. Cohen's philosophy was a kind of sound dualistic between mind and matter were concerned, but it was pluralistic with respect to the modes of physical energies, though it then found fault with Harold Lasswell's political pluralism.

Cohen also believed that his principle of polarity entailed a cyclical theory of history. But if that were so, he would likewise have been obliged to affirm that the equations are the canonical cosmological form, and that an era of disintegrative advance would follow on that of entropic increase. That

he never said. Oddly enough, for all his polarism, he was also impressed by Charles Peirce's vision of the founding of all human hopes through the workings of probabilities. Cohen, it should be observed, was the father of Peirce studies in the United States. He virtually edited the issue of *The Journal of Philosophy* in 1916 which brought Peirce's posthumous academic recognition; he collated the first bibliography of Peirce's writings and published in 1923 the volume *Chance, Love and Logic* which first brought Peirce to the attention of the general reading public. Harvard University for a while discussed with Cohen his undertaking to edit the manuscripts of Peirce, but would not provide the financial means. Paul Weiss, one of Cohen's students, was later an editor of the Peirce papers, while others wrote books and articles about him. It was Cohen's description in 1916 of the "philosophic community" that first developed Peirce's concept of the logical, scientific community, grounded in the irreducible, rationalist statute: "The opinion which is fared to be ultimately agreed to by all who investigate, is what we mean by the truth."

The 1930s were, however, for Cohen a time of intellectual defeat. His *Reason and Nature*, published in 1931, failed to make any real impact on American philosophers, who did not share Cohen's apprehension of an "insurgency against reason", and who, in any case, thought Cohen had little to offer compared to those like James and Dewey against whom he lunched. Then in the next years he experienced a teacher's tragedy: his favourite students tended to become either logical positivists or Marxists. Cohen was especially discomfited by the enigmatic positivist. He had always found it difficult to teach science, and he was diagnosed with them; he was tired, a bit lacy, and short-tempered. He had studied Russell's logic because in 1903 he had shared Russell's Platonic realism, and then admired the author of *A Free Man's Soul*, who had been a religious longshoreman could sublimate themselves into a metaphysics of universals. He could read Dewey because although the pragmatist ruled against classical philosophy, he took seriously all the metaphysicals from Plato to Hegel. But Cohen disliked reading Carnap, who seemed as devoid of any wish to worship anything as a man could be. The Viennese positivists were mostly former scientists; they travelled light with little baggage of tradition; they knew next to nothing of the history of philosophy but did not care either because, after all, it was a history of nonsense.

These positivists relegated F. H. Bradley to the status of a psycho-intellectual fantasist; philistines and leftists alike, they therefore queried what experiment could possibly verify the truth or falsehood of Bradley's doctrine of the Absolute? Cohen might assail Bradley, but there was always a metaphysician, even a repressed theist, in him. Although he informed his classes that the existence of God was not a scientific hypothesis, that was the habit and stance of the generational rebel against the Jewish religion on the East Side; he had ever-politically, and was aware that a spirit of contrariness had sometimes possessed him rather than a spirit of truth. The positivistic ridicule of metaphysics made him feel all the more acutely how thin his own "Naturalistic Metaphysics" was, that it never got much further than such propositions as "that an external, self-existent, and timeless entities were related to others. Was this the fruit of a lifetime's philosophizing?"

Cohen felt on more secure ground in rebutting the Marxism of the 1930s. He had been a Marxist in his youth, could cite such texts as Marx's *Critique of the Gotha Programme*, and knew the history of the Socialist International. When Sidney Hook published his first book on Marx, Cohen wrote notes of criticism that were the most cogent work of political philosophy that he had done.

They appeared in a socialist magazine, *The Student Outlook*, in

1934, and were followed by a vigorous interchange with Hook. Unfortunately these essays seem to have escaped Professor Hollinger's search into Cohen's fugitive writings.

Cohen's relations with his communist students were not so serene. He resented the dishonest personal attacks against himself in student communist journals and leaflets. There were angry recriminations when many students were suspended in 1933. To the students of that time, some of whom were sleeping in the subway cars because they could not pay the rent, Cohen's arguments against the primacy of the economic factor sounded sophistical. The capitalist system was breaking down before their very eyes, causing all sorts of political, cultural, and irrationalist upheavals. Cohen's sociological Marxism seemed an academic exercise belied in one's own experience; he had evidently forgotten that the economic parameters far exceeded in magnitude those of the other variables. It would have added much to this fine book if Hollinger had sought out some of Cohen's communist students for their recollections. It should also be noted, however, that when in 1941 a communist instructor was indicted for perjury and espionage, Cohen was the one colleague to come forward in court as a character witness.

As Hollinger states, "Cohen understood Marx better than Freud". That is putting it most charitably. When Cohen refuted Freud, he sunk to the level of debater's tricks: was any psychoanalyst asked, able to predict which of his patients would fail to pay his bills? Since the question presumably answered itself, it was thereby demonstrated that psychoanalysis failed to satisfy the scientific criterion of verifiability. It would have been more fruitful to propose a study to ascertain whether psychiatrists were indeed able to predict with reasonable accuracy which patients were going to be thus delinquent, and if so whether psychoanalytical theory might throw some light on the phenomenon. The heuristic role of hypotheses could be strangely overlooked by Cohen. He seemed to have an animosity towards psychological understanding itself; did he wish to deny recognition to the irrational components within himself? Embattled all his life with the insurgents against reason, he refused, however, not to introduce into the psychological causes of irrationalism, and regarded any such inquiry as a sign of irrationalism itself. This was a soldier of reason who spiked his own guns.

So much in Cohen's life left a residue of harsh memories that perhaps repression of them was the wisest course. Cohen always complained of his threads, they queried what experiment could possibly verify the truth or falsehood of Bradley's doctrine of the Absolute? Cohen might assail Bradley, but there was always a metaphysician, even a repressed theist, in him. Although he informed his classes that the existence of God was not a scientific hypothesis, that was the habit and stance of the generational rebel against the Jewish religion on the East Side; he had ever-politically, and was aware that a spirit of contrariness had sometimes possessed him rather than a spirit of truth. The positivistic ridicule of metaphysics made him feel all the more acutely how thin his own "Naturalistic Metaphysics" was, that it never got much further than such propositions as "that an external, self-existent, and timeless entities were related to others. Was this the fruit of a lifetime's philosophizing?"

When he first heard of Einstein's theory of relativity in 1930 from a mathematical colleague, he belittled it as a repetition of Leibniz (as he told me himself). In 1933, when quantum theory was in the

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## Fifty years on...

In her new novel *Knock Four Times* Miss Margaret Irwin has forsaken ghosts and fairies for the world of artistic struggle typified by the world Chelsea, the London of the young and ambitious who passionately want to please while they prepare for fame. But she has not quite shaken free of fantasy and for a long time her mood seems to hesitate between the reality of small, makeshift flats and empty purses, of hard work and high-spirited parties, and the romance of large houses, fine clothes and unusual living. Colla Bolanyi, who lives at The Borehams, in Kensington, the daughter of a rich and responsible man, is a girl of the world of Rainbow Road with its exciting hopes and its Bohemian feeling, and there loses some of her conventions, including her betrothed, and acquires some new ones. The story tells of her pursuit and capture of the exuberant, volatile, brilliant young man in the top flat with the permanently broken bell. She knocks four times to get in; she wants to stay in when she gets there, but the claims of The Borehams hold her in thrall in the end. Margaret Irwin helps the ambitious young man to learn the idiom of smart society by learning it with him. She takes kindly to journalism, she tries to keep up with the hero. Dick's relations great for fame and recognition, and she is not overweighing him from her right. She sees her accustomed life topey-turvy through

a mist but even at her highest point of frustration, Miss Dicky she observes the interested eyes of another and better man fixed upon her. Of course they have something to do with rounding off this romantic history.

Miss Irwin has done it all very well, cockles and chatter, night clubs, fun, fame, and all the usual ingredients, including the comic char. But most distinct and amusing is the superstitious, opportunity-hunting little foreigner, determined to become an English gentleman, alternatively weeping and boasting, seeing up like a rocket and landing like a bomb.

Mr. Oliver Onions has written better books than *Knock Four Times* which is more like a series of fugitive reminiscences of the girls who were uniform during the war (other than married) than a novel, nevertheless the book was worth reading. It recalls those vanished days when there was a youth and a woman about government offices that they have since lacked. It sketches the West and the Wrens and the Wrens and should help to perpetuate their memory. What the book lacks is a central theme that matters. It begins as if something would develop, and turns into a desultory chronicle of demobilization taking off nowhere.

The single figures in the group, "Felix", "John", Vera and the others, are vivid enough in their shabby black when we meet them just after the Armistice, gay and slinky and hopeful in spite of the sudden threatened cessation of their jobs and the anxiety that faces most of them in looking for something to do. They cannot bear to give up their comradeship, they cling to the presence that they can still share jokes and service, sink their social differences and meet as of old. To delay the inevitable separation, "Felix" who has married a civil servant of wealth and high standing, and who has three pounds a week of her own, founds a club, to be called the "Junior Women's United" for all girls who served in uniform in the war, and their friends—their friends being mostly male, of course. There are some cheerful scenes in the club when the members entertain their friends, but as an institution it rapidly dwindles for lack of support. Presently no one can pretend that it has the slightest reason for continuing to exist, and it fades out and the girls exile. James Morox, the artist, has modelled the gallant young things, turned them into exquisite little terra-cotta figures, but his exhibition was only a qualified success. The war when it ended was over too quickly, perhaps. Mr. Onions thinks that the girls did not get so much as the tribute of a flower laid on the Cenotaph. Anyhow he has made his offering, not too late. Priced as it is, the book has a moving quality, more by reason of what it recalls, perhaps, than because of any particular scene in it.

These two reviews were published in the TLS of April 28, 1972.



making, he was siding with the anti-atomists. In the 1930s, he was rejecting Heisenberg's principle of indeterminacy as wrong, on Einstein's authority, or, as he said, "nothing new, since Einstein had already said it."

Cohen owed his life's calling to the world's great teachers, the wandering Scottish scholar, Thomas Davidson, whom Professor Hollinger, in a rare lapse, calls "a notorious intellectual adventurer". A volume has still to be written about Davidson; he was a man whose mind was everywhere; he was the progenitor of the Fabian Society, and an animating spirit to such disparate persons as Havelock Ellis and William James. In 1898 he came to the East Side to lecture on the task of the social sciences; his lecture was so well received that he was an agent of the bourgeois German Jews from up-town sent to subvert the down-town Eastern European immigrants. Cohen told me he had believed those rumours.

But Davidson cast the spell of culture over a generation of young East Siders; he was a man of life that was left to him, he transformed their lives. He imparted to them a zest for existence and a pride in their heritage. Through him and the "Breadwinners' College" he founded, the Davidsons had the privilege of meeting in person such men as his friends William James and Josiah Royce.

Cohen wrote at that time that the most poignant conflict of the East Side was that between the generations, the Yiddish-speaking parents and the English-speaking children. In Cohen's case, it was all the worse because his father was of the lowest of the lowest; his father, an uneducated man, was the operator of a pool-room, which on the East Side was regarded as kin to a centre of vice. Morally himself had to take his turn at minding the store. In a revealing episode, which Professor Hollinger records, Davidson proposed to Cohen and his family that he adopt the twenty-year-old Morris. Evidently all were willing; perhaps the parents, not understanding English, did not know what was involved; or was the generational bond so strained with hostility that the son's departure would have been welcomed? That a Jewish family should have considered the loss of a son even only for a time, and that Cohen should have remembered this event with such pleasure, indicates something of the psychological turmoil

in which he had lived. Though he loved his mother for her heroism and loyalty, I remember how the 1930s when he introduced me to her, he blanched as, in my presence, she berated him as a toller of lies.

Here and there I find myself in some disagreement with Hollinger's discerning analysis. He is surprised, for instance, that Cohen never affiliated with idealism. To which one might respond: was there ever a Jewish philosopher who became an absolute idealist? In Germany there were several who were leading Kantians, but Hegelian idealism rarely attracted them. On the other hand, Hollinger neglects the influence on Cohen of Josiah Royce's famous seminar on the philosophy of science, "the comparative morphology of conceptions." Royce called it, in which Cohen met with S. E. E. and L. J. Henderson wrote their first philosophical essays.

The greatness of Cohen, Hollinger justly concludes, was as a teacher; his students were able to transcend him, he adds, because they had learnt so much from him. But Cohen could say that they ever learnt much from Cohen. He taught little but dramatized much, and gave one the feeling that good and evil were involved in every metaphysical issue, that Ernest Mach and "subjectivists" for instance, were really children of darkness. It was a disarming approach, much like Lenin's, because it did not really encourage careful, dispassionate philosophizing. And every friend of Cohen's could report some occasion when he had discovered how superficial Cohen's scholarship could be.

Once I told him I was doing research on the Dutch political backgrounds of Spinoza's thought. He told me he knew all about it. Then it transpired that his knowledge was principally based on a reading of Alexandre Dumas's novel *The Black Tulip*. Many people hearing his incisive discourse found it hard to believe that he didn't really, like a Samuel Alexander, have a metaphysical system up his sleeve, an unpublished *Space, Time and Deity* over which he had been working during the years. Perhaps if he had been more loyal to the spirit of his beloved Thomas Davidson, and sought for the philosopher's substance rather than the showman's shadow, his conception would have been realized. He remained the last of the greatest intellectual figures in the history of the American Jews in the first part of the twentieth century.

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# To the Editor

## Harry Stack Sullivan

Sir,—Leslie Farber's article, "Harry Stack Sullivan and the American Dream" (April 1), a review of two books dealing with Sullivan, has been brought to my attention. Although Dr Farber's article contains many unwarranted simplifications and denigrations of Sullivan, my purpose in writing is not to rebut Farber, but only to correct his many factual errors.

Farber's claim that his experience in supervision of Sullivan was "typical" is not substantiated by many supervisors, including myself, who have published versions of their experiences quite at variance with that of Farber.

Alexander and French did not alone establish psychoanalysis within medicine in the United States; many others helped significantly, including the two national psychoanalytic organizations.

As to Sullivan's practice in New York City being lucrative, his foster son, James I. Sullivan, who kept accounts, denies this in a published letter.

Farber incorrectly states the establishment of the New York division of the Washington School of Psychoanalysis, now the William Alanson White Institute of Psychiatry, Psychoanalysis and Psychology, as being in the 1930s; actually it was in 1913.

Neither in writing nor in his speeches did Sullivan ever identify himself as an adversary of Freud; on the contrary.

In the 1940s, Sullivan did not withdraw from the society of his students and supporters. He withdrew just the opposite. He withdrew from the whole from teaching and practice to devote himself to helping solve international problems through interdisciplinary meetings and contacts. Farber incorrectly attributes his interest in world peace and conflict to a desire to promote the application of his theories.

Few people would agree with Farber that Sullivan's early writings were "of such poor quality" that they hold little interest. Just as Freud changed his thinking and theories, so did Sullivan; it is true that Sullivan's early papers do not represent his later thought, but it is not true that they bear testimony to his incompetence as a writer.

As to the book *Conceptions of Modern Psychiatry*, there were five lectures, not four as Farber states. Sullivan himself wrote the final draft; it was not the result of an edited recording, as Farber indicates.

Farber relies on Chapman for many "facts" regarding Sullivan's life and work. However, none of these "facts" are only surmises by Chapman, and not based on research; for example, Sullivan's career at Cornell University.

The Chicago College of Medicine and Surgery was not short-lived; it is today thriving and well-regarded medical school in Chicago; it is true that when Sullivan went there, it was rated a Class "C" school, although it counted a number of excellent physicians on its faculty, such as Dr Rubovitz in obstetrics.

Contrary to Farber, there is factual evidence of Sullivan's interest in psychiatry before he was admitted to St Elizabeth's Hospital. While in the army, he devised psychological tests for selecting officers. After his discharge, Sullivan was a member of the American Psychiatric Association in 1916. At the time Sullivan writes that he had seventy-five hours of psychoanalysis.

Farber states there was no psychoanalysis in Chicago before 1921. While in Chicago in the 1930s, I studied with Ralph Hamill, who was a member of the American Psychiatric Association in 1916. At the time Sullivan writes that he had seventy-five hours of psychoanalysis.

Sullivan made a number of ana-

biographical references in his speeches which were later published. Farber to the contrary notwithstanding, he used these experiences of his to illustrate the points he was making.

In a personal one-to-one contact I had with Sullivan, there occurred a dialogue between us in which I felt treated as an equal, in which we both were seeking truths about people and psychiatry as it was in the 1930s, which is contrary to Farber's generalization that no dialogue was possible to Sullivan.

Sullivan never questioned the existence of unconscious processes; so it is false to say the evidence for Farber's statement that he "questioned the unconscious" as a source of the creative. As to Farber's claim that Sullivan's terms are intranslatable into Freudian terms, and mean the same things, this cannot be Sullivan's terms were in the context of an interpersonal theory of human development and behaviour; while Freud's was a theory of the individual mind, and was based on different material approached differently.

In his lifetime, Sullivan never was a winner, never rose to the top of the heap, and was certainly not outstandingly successful. Few people knew of him at the time of his death. It is only recently that he has been getting some attention.

The intent of this letter is to point out that in writing his history, Farber did not do his homework. I wish also to alert the readers of the TLS to a forthcoming and well researched biography of Sullivan by Helen Swick Perry, long an editorial associate of Sullivan's.

RALPH MANNING CROWLEY,  
7 West 96th Street, New York, NY 10025.

## Marxists and Non-Marxists

Sir,—I rubbed my eyes in astonishment at Ghita Ionescu's statement in his review of my *Revolution, Reform and Social Justice* (April 8) that I characterized Herbert Butterfield and Martin Heidegger as "little Marxists". The absurdity is his not mine.

This is what I wrote about Herbert Butterfield:

By and large, the recent treatment of Marx in the academy has been sympathetic even if critical of his doctrines, when literally construed. . . . It is surprising how mild and generous recent critical judgments have been on Marx by those who are avowedly non-Marxist. Even Christian philosophers of history, despite the ferocity of Marx's critique of all religion, like Arnold Toynbee, Paul Tillich, Reinhold Niebuhr, and Herbert Butterfield, have paid tribute to his homage not merely because of the quality of prophetic zeal and moral indignation in his writings but on the strength of his historical insight and acumen. Butterfield, for example, writes: "The Marxists have contributed more to the historical scholarship of all of us than the non-Marxists like to confess." He regards Marx's historical materialism as constituting a remarkable and permanent contribution to our understanding of history because "it hugs the ground so closely" although some might regard this as a narrow perspective from which to grasp things shaping up on the horizon. And then it turns out that for Butterfield, Marx's materialism, conceived merely as a reduction to the conditions under which men act, is perfectly assimilable to the synoptic view of those who see the finger of God in history. (pages 3-4).

Concerning Heidegger, I wrote: Just as Sartre regards Marxism as "the philosophy of our epoch," so the best means of overcoming alienation, according to Heidegger, regards "the Marxist view of history as superior to all other views," because of Marx's presence in discerning the facets of alienation in the experience of modern man. (p. 100). Marx was a Jewish insight, derived from

and shared with others, and subsequently fleshed out into a sociological criticism of contemporary culture. In this sense, Heidegger's insight into a metaphysical homelessness beyond all social remedies, in some respects prefigures that of Heidegger and Sartre.

The footnotes are to Butterfield's *Christianity and History* (page 6) and to Heidegger's *Platon's Lehre von der Wahrheit* (page 87).

These are the only references to Butterfield and Heidegger in the book. Nothing in these passages implies that I regard them as Marxists or "Marxist proselytes" (the phrase is the reviewer's) in the way in which C. Wright Mills, Fromm, Sartre, Marcuse, Althusser and others are. I cited them as illustrations of the way in which Marx's views on history have been sympathetically misconceived by some academic non-Marxists at a point where anything distinctly Marxist about these views disappears. In contradistinction to other writers I analysed, namely Butterfield, nor Heidegger's attempt to reach into Marx in an effort to rehabilitate the Marxist Leninist view. I made no claim to be exhaustive in my treatment of the first category of interpreters, and I did not discuss the work of Popper or Aron or Dilks or Habermas. I did not regard them as falling within either category.

SIDNEY HOOK,  
South Wardshore, Vermont 05355.

## Rulers Rebuked

Sir,—In his notice (April 8) of *Perkins Millar's The Emperor in the Roman World* 31 BC-AD 33, Ramsay MacMullen refers to an anecdote, cited in the book, about Hadrian, in which he answers, "Then stop being Emperor."

This identical story is told by Plutarch in his *Life of Vespasian* and *Commendations*, about Philip of Macedonia (Moralia 179, 31). In this version the prisoner is a poor old woman, who has repeatedly and annoyingly insisted on his hearing her case in person. He tells her he has no time to spare, she retorts, "then give me being King." He is "amused at her words" and proceeds to hear only her case but the cases of everyone else awaiting attention.

Unless the arm of coincidence is phenomenally long, this is a rare anecdote. Though one can credit Hadrian with the wisdom to rebuke, it certainly seems inconsistent with the down-to-earth frankness of fourth-century Macedonia, so often apparent in the careers of both Philip and Alexander.

MARY RRNAULT,  
Glan Beach, Cape Town, South Africa.

## Wilhelm Oberdan

Sir,—A. J. P. Taylor's exceptionally handsome review of my book *The History of Wilhelm Oberdan* (April 15) may make it less unpractical to carry it to print. I would like to say, though, my view of Oberdan "recovered" in respect to his career.

The Latin language of Rome occupying forces blended with the dialects of the natives and resulted in Spanish, Portuguese, French, Romanian and Latin. The country where this occurred were considered as lost by the Renaissance Nationalists.

In other peripheral areas, the Latin of the colonizers had not been lost. These regions were deemed by the Renaissance as geographically isolated, as belonging to Italy "as made her", and politically, therefore, as potentially recoverable. In this sense, I believe I used "recovered" correctly.

One other point Oberdan undoubtedly was in Trieste when the bomb of August 2 was thrown though he took no part in the incident and probably did not even know about it.

ALFRED ALEXANDER,  
99 Harley Street, London W1P 1DP.

## Coleridge

Sir,—I pointed out two misreadings in Norman Fruman's book (Letters, March 18), and he makes no attempt to defend them. Instead, he launches an attack on an edition of which I was joint editor (Letters, April 15). I suppose that Coleridge was a pantheist when young but revolted against that doctrine fairly early, and Fruman says: "Fear of pantheism, we are to believe, led Coleridge to ruin the great *Ancient Mariner* of 1798, with the disastrous revisions of 1800 (so widely hailed elsewhere as beyond praise)." But we two editors welcomed the coming out of the comic Old English all we did there was put back the lengthy cuts I said: "The poem which was fudged in 1815 to make it Christian had already been fudged in 1800 to make it pantheist. Epigrams are not much good, but they usually keep an opponent from getting his accusation completely upside down. In 1798 there had been spirits backing the crew, who fought the ones backing the Mariner, but Wordsworth (I supposed) insisted that there must be no "bad" Spirits of Nature. Whatever the motive for cutting these passages, the poem is plainly better when they are restored. Most readers of the Oxford text, where they come at the bottom of the page, put them back automatically.

I do not understand why Coleridge developed such a horror of pantheism, whereas it would have been easy for him to say that God is in the immanent and transcendent, as did Wordsworth and Alexander Pope. But that he was acquainted to talk as a pantheist, before being influenced by Wordsworth, is proved by "The Eolian Harp" where he bridle (or effort) threatens him with Hell for it. The Fruman theory is in a very tight corner here; otherwise even Fruman would hardly have said that Coleridge was imitating Pope at the time. But the poem also expresses belief in spirits, and that might well carry more emotional weight.

The proof by H. W. Piper (*The Active Universe*) that Wordsworth and Coleridge at the time of their earliest setting, Haverham, agreed upon, surely it is that the belief needed expressing with fact, alters our whole picture of them. It is understandable that, after renouncing this belief, Coleridge could write in more nature poetry, and Wordsworth only through recollections of his youth. But the moment of truth on Scalliff is not hampered by this problem; it shows Coleridge on the verge of writing like Wordsworth.

Fruman has now abandoned the sentence "Coleridge did not tell this story to anyone else," accepting that Coleridge also told parts of it to at least two old friends. But he plies me for believing in it because it is a more nature poem of his day, written as a letter to Sara from a farmhouse, works up to a good piece of prose about being crag-bound, full of awe and wonder, but very real, and quite unlike anything Coleridge could do when lying. Obviously something important happened to him on Scalliff, only to be murdered and buried under the conventional poem on Mont Blanc.

Trying to answer a literary question without any use of literary judgment is not usually and tough; it is merely a waste of time.

Studio House, 11 Hampstead Hill Gardens, London NW3.

Sir,—Norman Fruman should at least have glanced at the cover of *Coleridge's Verse: A Selection* before attacking it (Letters, April 15). He would then have remembered that the edition was the work not only of William Empson but also of myself. As such our text of *The Ancient Mariner* is unlikely to have been based merely on "Mr Empson's aesthetic judgment". In fact my essay on the text explains at length my approach to editing "does not involve the imposition of an individual's aesthetic taste" (page 209). Mr Fruman derides our careful treatment of the 1,800 revisions as no more than a "gloomy kind of pantheism". I devote about a thousand words to just one of those revisions in my Notes and Textual Commentary.

If Mr Fruman reads me as arguing that "fear of pantheism" led Coleridge to ruin the great *Ancient Mariner* of 1798 with the disastrous revisions of 1800, he and I are doomed to disagree on the interpretation of prose. Certainly his interpretation of great verse is not mine. But perhaps if he had consulted our edition's full 340-line text of *Dedication* as well as the 139 line ode to which Coleridge finally reduced it for publication he would not have offered his provoking view of the lines about "the natural and the supernatural" as "original context makes Coleridge's intended meaning poignantly clear. It is a meaning too complex and too moving to be sacrificed to Mr Fruman's search for 'mystical speculations about bodily sensations'."

Whitmore Farm, Whitwell, Clithorpe, Lancashire.

Sir,—If there is anything Coleridgeans agree upon, Norman Fruman assures us in his latest letter (April 15), "it is that STC hated his mother." If there is one thing Coleridgeans agree upon, it is that they had both come to realize that the belief needed expressing with fact, alters our whole picture of them. It is understandable that, after renouncing this belief, Coleridge could write in more nature poetry, and Wordsworth only through recollections of his youth. But the moment of truth on Scalliff is not hampered by this problem; it shows Coleridge on the verge of writing like Wordsworth.

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# The true dividend

By Peter Keating

MARGARET LLEWELYN DAVIES  
(Editor):  
*Life As We Have Known It*  
By Co-operative Working Women  
141pp. Virago. Paperback, £1.25.

When Virginia Woolf was first asked by her friend Margaret Llewelyn Davies to write a preface for a collection of essays by members of the Women's Co-operative Guild she replied that she "would be drowned rather than write a preface to any book whatsoever. Books should stand on their own feet". But after looking at the material she decided that her personal involvement with the world as described was sufficiently strong for her to write an "Introductory Letter" to Margaret Llewelyn Davies which if not exactly a preface could certainly serve in place of one. *Life As We Have Known It*, containing the "Introductory Letter", a note by the editor, and photographs of the contributors, was published by the Hogarth Press in 1931: it is now usefully reprinted as a paperback, without the photographs but with yet one more introduction, this time by Anna Davin.

The reminiscences, memoirs, and letters that make up the greater part of the book were not written originally with publication in mind, but grew naturally out of the activities encouraged by the Women's Co-operative Guild. In addition to reading about and debating topics of social and political importance, members of the Guild were urged to write about their own lives. These essays, together with a number of unsolicited letters, were preserved for many years by Margaret Llewelyn Davies, the Guild's general secretary, before she finally decided to publish them in book

form. The events described therefore range over a much wider period of time than one might expect from the date of the book, with childhood experiences often stretching back to the 1850s.

The contributions to *Life As We Have Known It* are unlike most other working-class memoirs of the period in that all of the writers are women who had undergone a process of self-education through the Co-operative movement. "I thank God that I became a Guild member," writes one contributor, and this sentiment echoes throughout. It was the "divi" that attracted most of the women to the Co-operative movement in the first place, but gradually, as they survived, with the Co-op's help, the appalling living conditions which they describe so vividly, they took up other, less immediately practical, opportunities offered by the movement. In the Women's Guild they could share experiences, exchange views and books, and with the confidence that this kind of "co-operation" gave them, move on to participate in local government and to agitate for political reforms at a national level.

The connection between family life, personal hardship, and growth of political awareness is, therefore, particularly close here, and it provides a more informed picture about the notoriously "hidden" lives of the working class, but a constant living sense of the reality of class relationships. To be poor in such a world was bad enough, but to be a woman as well was widely taken as evidence of complete inferiority. The Guild provided a means of combating this prejudice, and *Life As We Have Known It* charts some of its success stories.

What emerges again and again, as the minds of these women recreate the past, is the bland or vicious indifference of employers and the well-off to poverty and hardship. There are the girls who made matches at home being bullied at the factory when they delivered the boxes and made to queue outside the owner's house where they could smell a roast dinner being prepared by his servants; a twelve-year-old girl making tea for her mother, who was not allowed to speak at work unless in answer to a question; the domestic servants who were allowed

out of the house only one Sunday evening a month; the children of the Fenlands who worked in the fields for fourteen hours a day and were followed by an old man with a whip "which he did not forget to use"; and the kindly lady who gave one hungry child a food parcel which when opened at home was found to contain "some very dry pieces of bread and some crusts that looked as if they had been nibbled by mice, and a large piece of bacon rind".

It was not, of course, only women or girls who experienced these kinds of insensitivity and cruelty, but in trying to move beyond them they had to contend with the very different attitudes of the men, from a similar class background, did not have to face. And as what we have here are, in a special sense, success stories, minor personal victories are of great importance. There is the woman who became a "superintendent" within her factory being denied further work until support from her fellow-workers brought an apology from the employers, and the consolidation of her union. When the same woman became a magistrate a case arose of a man applying for a warrant against another man on a charge of indecency, and it was suggested by the Chief Constable that she might like to leave the room. She asked: "If it was a case of a woman applying, would the men go?" They replied no, and she stayed.

And everywhere in *Life As We Have Known It* there is a moving faith in the liberating power of books, with the reading lists submitted by Guild members showing that almost anything might serve this purpose, from *The State and the Child* to *Sorrell and Son*. Nor were the members of the Guild afraid to ask for advice on what to read. In the meantime can you tell me of any good history of the French Revolution, not Carlyle's, please?

It is easy enough to see what it was about this material that fascinated Virginia Woolf, and why it should have provoked her to recall

her own earlier connections with the Guild—she had attended a Guild Congress at Newcastle in 1913 and had urged Margaret Llewelyn Davies to publish a previous collection of letters, *Maternity* (1915). But here, in the "Introductory Letter", she was doing more than simply offering encouragement. She was following the example of the contributors in using reminiscence to explore the nature of class relationships. In her case the crucial, representative relationship was between herself and the working-class women of the Guild. The result is a painfully honest exploration of her class status that recalls the very similar self-torture of Ruskin in *Fors Clavigera* and the significantly different attempts of her near-contemporary Orwell to shed his middle-class status in the hotel kitchens of Paris and the doss-houses of the East End.

In her brief introduction to this new edition, Anna Davin describes Virginia Woolf's links with the Guild as "surprising enough to need comment", and then refers to the "deep feminism in her literary work" and her sympathy for women struggling to achieve "suffrage and equality". All of this is clearly true, but there are other issues at stake as well which constantly hold Virginia Woolf back from total commitment, which allow her to write a personal letter for publication but not a preface. These issues are cultural and while they may have a bearing on the woman, they certainly have an enormous amount to do with class.

At the Newcastle Guild Congress Virginia Woolf objected to working-class speakers adopting "mincing" tones when they referred to the upper classes. She writes:

It seems to us not merely foolish but almost a waste of time to mince the words of the Congress, for if it is better to be working women by all means let them remain so and not undergo the contamination which wealth and comfort bring. These words were not written in a fit of irritation; they declare what she felt about the whole purpose of the Congress, for if it is better to be working women by all means let them remain so and not undergo the contamination which wealth and comfort bring.

areas of life will not bring them the satisfaction and knowledge, the desire for "things that are ends, not things that are means", which, in her view, "ladies" have. Using a string of words loaded with class significance she claims: "If every reform they demand was given the very instant it would not touch one link of my comfortable capitalistic head. Hence my interest is merely altruistic."

But the women of the Co-operative Guild did not want reform "granted" to them; they demanded them as a right. And they had learnt how to make those demands through an organization which regarded "altruism" as an enemy of self-education. It was not Virginia Woolf who waved the whip over the five-year-old field worker of the Fens, or who gave to a hungry girl crusts of dry bread and bacon rind, and the kindly old lady would hardly have matched her idea of what it meant to be of the ruling class.

But for all her proud boasts of imagination or "fictional" sympathy, and of the artist as being a "closer touch with reality" than any working man or woman, she could not see (or perhaps refused to see) the connection between those distressing memories that in women of the Guild carried deep within them, and their tendency to imitate mincing upper-class voices on the Congress platform. It did not show their foolishness, but their firm understanding of what they were up against.

Determined to be totally honest, Virginia Woolf says before her readers a bewildering mixture of snobbery, naivety, sympathy, and understanding, and avoidance, and in doing this she brings to the book a sense of the pervasiveness and complexity of class relationships that is quite beyond the range of the less sophisticated, more direct, experiences of the working women. Perhaps Virginia Woolf was aware of this, and her tendency to do so, perhaps she was not: it is impossible to be sure. What is certain is that in writing the "Introductory Letter" she did her friend Margaret Llewelyn Davies a real favour, for here in *Life As We Have Known It* we have presented to us not only the struggles of working women but also, of memorable defiance of the kinds of prejudice they spent much of their lives fighting against.



"A Shaker pianist" by Edouard Rops, the fin-de-siècle Belgian etcher, who illustrated the work of several of the French Symbolists and produced the macabre frontispiece for Les Fleurs du Mal. From the catalogue of the Arts Council's touring exhibition of Rops's graphic work, at the University Gallery, Leeds, May 14-June 12, and at the City Art Gallery, Dundee, June 18-July 16.

## Journeys to the dreamlands

By Gerald Wilkinson

WALTER AMSTUTZ (Editor):

Turner in Switzerland

Introduced by John Russell, with a survey and notes by Andrew Wilton  
148pp. Zurich: De Cillo. Sw fr 140.

Handsome and impressive though this book is, its form is essentially that of a catalogue. It does not express, and only mentions in the introduction what must be, when all is said and seen, the true theme of Turner in Switzerland.

Turner went to the Swiss mountains as soon as he could get abroad (after the treaty of Amiens). He had up become an RA and had, the year before, "discovered" the Scottish highlands. The mountains inspired him to produce his first spontaneous series of pure landscapes; strangely, it may seem, for Turner, they were in pencil and chalk on large pieces of brown-tinted paper. He toured Switzerland for about six weeks and worked very hard. It was that twenty-seven. He did not stay in Switzerland again (though he twice crossed the Alps to Italy) until he was sixty-one, when he toured France and Switzerland with the gentleman-painter Munro de Novar. Then from 1841—when he was sixty-six—to 1844, he went there every year for two or three months, producing several remarkable series of watercolours.

What was it that he sought (and surely found) in the lakes and mountains of Switzerland that he had not need in the central part of his career? It was not that he put mountain scenery out of his mind in his middle years, Alpine and highland subjects appeared regularly in his artwork, after Studium, up to the cessation of publication in 1819. "Snowstorm: Hannibal Crossing the Alps", the first of his *Pallades of Hope* paintings, was exhibited in 1812. And, as Walter Amstutz's survey in *Switzerland* shows, several of his book illustrations of the 1820s to 1830s were of Swiss subjects.

It may have been that like vielen had formed in 1802 was so strong that he did not feel the need to renew it until, thirty-four years later,

## The art of influence-hunting

By Brian Petrie

RICHARD J. WATTENMAKER:  
*Puvlis de Chavannes and the Modern Tradition*  
198pp. Toronto: Art Gallery of Ontario. \$10.

The history of fluctuating artistic reputations offers an interesting minor counterpoint to the history of art. In itself it falls into two parts, the one concerning the subject's relationship to the living art of the period in question, the other, nationally at least, to the taste of the wider public. Neither Rubens nor Poussin was forgotten by the French artists of the earlier nineteenth century: each could function as historical exemplar in a battle of the brushes. With the advent of realism Vermeer was exhumed from almost complete oblivion, and to continue to worship at Raphael's tomb (even literally, in the Pantheon in Rome) was to mark oneself with the indelible stamp of conservatism. The rediscovery of El Greco at the end of the last century coincided with the birth of Expressionism. On the other hand the public's affections during that century went to the Delacroixes, the Manxweys, the Dellys and the Madoxes, the latter being the largest showing of Puvlis's work either in his lifetime or since his death in 1899. The answer lies neither with artists nor with the public, but in the architectural industry itself. The actual nadir of Puvlis's fame can, I think, be dated with some precision to the year 1914. In 1913 Maurice Denis, the "Nabi" "Neo-Traditionalist" and religious-revivalist painter who maintained to the end the devotion he formed in the late 1880s to the example offered by Puvlis, died. In 1916 the distinguished American architect, Robert Goldwater, published an article called "Puvlis de Chavannes: Some Reasons for a Reputation". Since then, with gathering pace over the past decade and helped by a growing academic interest in nineteenth-century Symbolism as a whole Puvlis has been progressively and rightly reabsorbed into our historical awareness of late nineteenth-century painting. The art world is too fragmented in its tastes to resist this revival, but it is, even if it wished, the most we can hope for is that the present airing given this painter will awaken lots of individuals, whether artists or not, to the beauty of an obscure, almost forgotten, and unduly neglected painter who has not only led to, but also, in a sense, led to the revival of the most important things. Perhaps a certain quality is lost, but the painting, an anecdotal heavy payer, is nearly flawless. Most of the works reproduced, including many from private collections, are not available in any other book. There are eight new engravings after Turner, reproduced absolutely faithfully—line for line. This is close to the edge of possibility in process reproduction. The Swiss pencil sketches are rather neglected. Watercolours from the sketchbooks appear in plenty.

In the later works the demarcation between sketch and finished drawing becomes irrelevant. If some watercolours, like the "Duke of Burgundy" (which was sold recently for \$5,000), do suffer from too much polishing, this is merely a sign of the artist's struggle to achieve the subtleties of his conception than of a senile failure of taste. The best of the Swiss watercolours are probably those that remained in the artist's possession, and are now in the hands of the Musée de la Ville de Lausanne. With Claude in his mind he invested the Thames with Carthaginian glory, and he explored northern Italy as if it were a great monument to that master-then stumbled upon Raphael in Rome. He went to Rome again in 1828, and to France frequently, but England and Wales, and the sea, provided him with the richest of all his materials. Venice and Switzerland were dreamlands.

In 1840 he first met the young Ruskin. Ruskin was an ardent admirer of Turner's "Alpine style", and detected in Switzerland a great unrealized potential for art. The famous late Swiss watercolours followed. This is a Ruskin-orientated book, and even the endpapers come from *Modern Painters*. Accuracy is a Swiss virtue, and it is above all what the Turner student is in need of. All the materials are here. I would have liked some sort of division made in the book between the early and late work—though the break is clear enough from the colours when one looks more closely. As John Russell points out in his perceptive and erudite introduction, accurate dating of the drawings must depend on finding "localities", and this must depend on careful plotting of itineraries. Five maps are included. Andrew Wilton's notes are copious, and neglect nothing; his scope, how-

his contemporaries often saw him as a descendant of Poussin; and we would expect the public to play no part in any such revival, for Puvlis was never a truly popular artist, despite the enormous fame he enjoyed during the 1880s and 1890s. Such popular success as he achieved owed far more to his occasional (and wholly sincere) adoption of openly patriotic or cryptically revanchist themes than to the plastic qualities of his work, which was and remains too restricted in colour, too lacking in apparent technical virtuosity, too classically structured in composition, too reserved in its emotional expression to touch the untrained eye or the sensation-seeking spirit of the period in question, the other, nationally at least, to the taste of the wider public. Neither Rubens nor Poussin was forgotten by the French artists of the earlier nineteenth century: each could function as historical exemplar in a battle of the brushes. With the advent of realism Vermeer was exhumed from almost complete oblivion, and to continue to worship at Raphael's tomb (even literally, in the Pantheon in Rome) was to mark oneself with the indelible stamp of conservatism. The rediscovery of El Greco at the end of the last century coincided with the birth of Expressionism. On the other hand the public's affections during that century went to the Delacroixes, the Manxweys, the Dellys and the Madoxes, the latter being the largest showing of Puvlis's work either in his lifetime or since his death in 1899. The answer lies neither with artists nor with the public, but in the architectural industry itself. The actual nadir of Puvlis's fame can, I think, be dated with some precision to the year 1914. In 1913 Maurice Denis, the "Nabi" "Neo-Traditionalist" and religious-revivalist painter who maintained to the end the devotion he formed in the late 1880s to the example offered by Puvlis, died. In 1916 the distinguished American architect, Robert Goldwater, published an article called "Puvlis de Chavannes: Some Reasons for a Reputation". Since then, with gathering pace over the past decade and helped by a growing academic interest in nineteenth-century Symbolism as a whole Puvlis has been progressively and rightly reabsorbed into our historical awareness of late nineteenth-century painting. The art world is too fragmented in its tastes to resist this revival, but it is, even if it wished, the most we can hope for is that the present airing given this painter will awaken lots of individuals, whether artists or not, to the beauty of an obscure, almost forgotten, and unduly neglected painter who has not only led to, but also, in a sense, led to the revival of the most important things. Perhaps a certain quality is lost, but the painting, an anecdotal heavy payer, is nearly flawless. Most of the works reproduced, including many from private collections, are not available in any other book. There are eight new engravings after Turner, reproduced absolutely faithfully—line for line. This is close to the edge of possibility in process reproduction. The Swiss pencil sketches are rather neglected. Watercolours from the sketchbooks appear in plenty.

by Puvlis himself (or rather 35, for four of these items were, at least, to be of dubious authenticity, a point I make cautiously, however, having seen them only in reproduction). With the other 48 works and numerous comparative illustrations Mr Wattenmaker takes up the challenge laid down by Goldwater thirty years ago of revealing Puvlis's greatness through the reflected light of his important influence on many artists with a less precarious claim to a place in the modernist pantheon. Visitors to the Pantheon itself, in Paris, are easily able to distinguish his two cycles of murals there from the excesses of his pompier contemporaries (the second of these cycles on the life of St. Louis, which was destroyed by the fire of 1944, is particularly striking), but it is less easy to see Puvlis as a "modernist". Yet here above all the debt owed to Puvlis by Paris and again in the classicizing phase of the early 1920s, is clear enough—a point discussed at some length by Mr Wattenmaker.

Also adduced are Manet, Moreau, Seurat, Renoir, Van Gogh, Gauguin, Denis (this is a particularly good account), Vuillard, Matisse, Luder, Whistler and many others. Mr Wattenmaker's discussion of their various debts to Puvlis is not always convincing, and easily as it is particularly apt to detect far-fetched analogies of pose and gesture—but his account is nearly always acceptable in principle. His section on the American painter Maurice Prendergast is revealing.

Perhaps my main criticism of this publication is that the author has been too over-eager to make his point, as when he claims a dependence of some aspects of Seurat's "Baignade, Asnières" (London, National Gallery) on Puvlis's "Baignade". The "Baignade" is visibly indebted to Puvlis, specifically to his "Baignade" of 1882; it may owe a little to the "Baignade" as well, but this would have to have been on the basis of visits to Puvlis's studio at Neuilly, not of the "Baignade" which appeared at the 1884 Salon, for the "Baignade" was not in any real sense "still in progress" at this time, having already been rejected by the Salon jury in that year.

Other quibbles would be possible, but Mr Wattenmaker's caution deserves a more positive note. It is clearly believed in the power of Puvlis that whatever one's reservations here serves a dual function transcending mere academic factotumery. It allows Puvlis more firmly in his time, and it compels us all to look a little more closely at his art, and that must be a good thing, revival or no revival.

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## To school on Sunday

By David Martin

THOMAS WALTER LAQUER:  
*Religion and Respectability*  
Schools and Working Class Culture  
1870-1890  
293pp. Yale University Press. £10.50.

This book began as an attempt to document the views expressed by E. P. Thompson in *The Making of the English Working Class*, more especially his chapter on Sunday Schools. It ended as a critique which either undercuts the major theses advanced by Thompson or massively qualifies them. This is no easy task since Thompson writes with more authority than clarity. If you discount the magisterial glare of disapproval, the adverse generalisations eventually turn out to be relatively limited in scope. But you have to scour the footnotes and note the unemphatic concessions to the amazing ways of historical paradox. The Sunday Schools in particular are the subject of a range of counter-revolution and bourgeois moral hegemony. Their contribution to literacy and ordered, reasoned protest only dribbles out as a last minute surprise. No doubt Professor Thompson's class sympathy for the relaxed ways of pre-industrial culture plays its part. Intellectuals often have a fellow feeling for the great unwashed. Washing, brushing and making yourself look a bit respectable are easily seen as respectable signs of social order and discipline. Washing yourself in the blood of the Lamb is even more easily seen as symptomatic of bad psychic disorder and positive disengagement. Any good apparently associated with Methodism must be due to the original virtue of the working class softening the original sin of Wesleyan industrialisation.

Thomas Walter Laquer raises his conclusions, coolly and cautiously, out of the house only one Sunday evening a month; the children of the Fenlands who worked in the fields for fourteen hours a day and were followed by an old man with a whip "which he did not forget to use"; and the kindly lady who gave one hungry child a food parcel which when opened at home was found to contain "some very dry pieces of bread and some crusts that looked as if they had been nibbled by mice, and a large piece of bacon rind".

It was not, of course, only women or girls who experienced these kinds of insensitivity and cruelty, but in trying to move beyond them they had to contend with the very different attitudes of the men, from a similar class background, did not have to face. And as what we have here are, in a special sense, success stories, minor personal victories are of great importance. There is the woman who became a "superintendent" within her factory being denied further work until support from her fellow-workers brought an apology from the employers, and the consolidation of her union. When the same woman became a magistrate a case arose of a man applying for a warrant against another man on a charge of indecency, and it was suggested by the Chief Constable that she might like to leave the room. She asked: "If it was a case of a woman applying, would the men go?" They replied no, and she stayed.

And everywhere in *Life As We Have Known It* there is a moving faith in the liberating power of books, with the reading lists submitted by Guild members showing that almost anything might serve this purpose, from *The State and the Child* to *Sorrell and Son*. Nor were the members of the Guild afraid to ask for advice on what to read. In the meantime can you tell me of any good history of the French Revolution, not Carlyle's, please?

It is easy enough to see what it was about this material that fascinated Virginia Woolf, and why it should have provoked her to recall

her own earlier connections with the Guild—she had attended a Guild Congress at Newcastle in 1913 and had urged Margaret Llewelyn Davies to publish a previous collection of letters, *Maternity* (1915). But here, in the "Introductory Letter", she was doing more than simply offering encouragement. She was following the example of the contributors in using reminiscence to explore the nature of class relationships. In her case the crucial, representative relationship was between herself and the working-class women of the Guild. The result is a painfully honest exploration of her class status that recalls the very similar self-torture of Ruskin in *Fors Clavigera* and the significantly different attempts of her near-contemporary Orwell to shed his middle-class status in the hotel kitchens of Paris and the doss-houses of the East End.

In her brief introduction to this new edition, Anna Davin describes Virginia Woolf's links with the Guild as "surprising enough to need comment", and then refers to the "deep feminism in her literary work" and her sympathy for women struggling to achieve "suffrage and equality". All of this is clearly true, but there are other issues at stake as well which constantly hold Virginia Woolf back from total commitment, which allow her to write a personal letter for publication but not a preface. These issues are cultural and while they may have a bearing on the woman, they certainly have an enormous amount to do with class.

At the Newcastle Guild Congress Virginia Woolf objected to working-class speakers adopting "mincing" tones when they referred to the upper classes. She writes:

It seems to us not merely foolish but almost a waste of time to mince the words of the Congress, for if it is better to be working women by all means let them remain so and not undergo the contamination which wealth and comfort bring. These words were not written in a fit of irritation; they declare what she felt about the whole purpose of the Congress, for if it is better to be working women by all means let them remain so and not undergo the contamination which wealth and comfort bring.

What was it that he sought (and surely found) in the lakes and mountains of Switzerland that he had not need in the central part of his career? It was not that he put mountain scenery out of his mind in his middle years, Alpine and highland subjects appeared regularly in his artwork, after Studium, up to the cessation of publication in 1819. "Snowstorm: Hannibal Crossing the Alps", the first of his *Pallades of Hope* paintings, was exhibited in 1812. And, as Walter Amstutz's survey in *Switzerland* shows, several of his book illustrations of the 1820s to 1830s were of Swiss subjects.

It may have been that like vielen had formed in 1802 was so strong that he did not feel the need to renew it until, thirty-four years later,

by Puvlis himself (or rather 35, for four of these items were, at least, to be of dubious authenticity, a point I make cautiously, however, having seen them only in reproduction). With the other 48 works and numerous comparative illustrations Mr Wattenmaker takes up the challenge laid down by Goldwater thirty years ago of revealing Puvlis's greatness through the reflected light of his important influence on many artists with a less precarious claim to a place in the modernist pantheon. Visitors to the Pantheon itself, in Paris, are easily able to distinguish his two cycles of murals there from the excesses of his pompier contemporaries (the second of these cycles on the life of St. Louis, which was destroyed by the fire of 1944, is particularly striking), but it is less easy to see Puvlis as a "modernist". Yet here above all the debt owed to Puvlis by Paris and again in the classicizing phase of the early 1920s, is clear enough—a point discussed at some length by Mr Wattenmaker.

Also adduced are Manet, Moreau, Seurat, Renoir, Van Gogh, Gauguin, Denis (this is a particularly good account), Vuillard, Matisse, Luder, Whistler and many others. Mr Wattenmaker's discussion of their various debts to Puvlis is not always convincing, and easily as it is particularly apt to detect far-fetched analogies of pose and gesture—but his account is nearly always acceptable in principle. His section on the American painter Maurice Prendergast is revealing.

Perhaps my main criticism of this publication is that the author has been too over-eager to make his point, as when he claims a dependence of some aspects of Seurat's "Baignade, Asnières" (London, National Gallery) on Puvlis's "Baignade". The "Baignade" is visibly indebted to Puvlis, specifically to his "Baignade" of 1882; it may owe a little to the "Baignade" as well, but this would have to have been on the basis of visits to Puvlis's studio at Neuilly, not of the "Baignade" which appeared at the 1884 Salon, for the "Baignade" was not in any real sense "still in progress" at this time, having already been rejected by the Salon jury in that year.

Other quibbles would be possible, but Mr Wattenmaker's caution deserves a more positive note. It is clearly believed in the power of Puvlis that whatever one's reservations here serves a dual function transcending mere academic factotumery. It allows Puvlis more firmly in his time, and it compels us all to look a little more closely at his art, and that must be a good thing, revival or no revival.

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## Strategies of the superpowers

By Ian McGeoch

ROYAL UNITED SERVICES INSTITUTE:  
R.U.S.I. and Brassey's Defence Yearbook 1976-77  
377pp. Brassey's Publishers. £12.

Judging by the "Main Events of Defence" chronicled in *Brassey's*, now in its eighty-seventh year and under the aegis of the Royal United Services Institute, resort to force for the resolution of conflict continues, the military profession, if not actually a growth in the Soviet empire, is not falling into desuetude. Lacking a theoretical basis, the study of international politics, defence and international security has to be empirical. The RUSI editorial team does well, therefore, to maintain the aims and intentions of Thomas, first Earl Brassey. His eponymous publisher should not, however, refer to him as "Admiral" Lord Brassey. He was Civil Lord, and later Parliamentary Secretary. In never a naval officer, although a Master Mariner and founder of the RNVR.

Brassey's purpose was "the study of the events of the year, to draw lessons for the future and to provide knowledge of defence matters by stimulating discussion". "Civil War in Angola", "Civil War in Lebanon", "The Defeat of the Communist Guerrilla Force in Oman", "The Politico-Military Campaign in Northern Ireland 1975" and "Transnational Terrorism" each provide chapters which reflect the past year's events. So, in rather a different sense, does the Iberian Peninsula. Key to European Security", by Admiral North Bagley USN: events in Portugal and Spain have certainly shaken some of NATO's assumptions, particularly those upon which much of SACLAN's planning

has been based since his HQ was set up in Norfolk, Virginia, in 1952.

In this context a perceptive study of "The Application of Advanced Technology in Modern War", by John H. Morse, lately Deputy Assistant Secretary of Defence with particular responsibilities for Europe and NATO, includes the following: Colonel Marc Gonesse pinpointed a major element of the problem with regard to the security of Europe in a recent article (*Orbis* magazine, Summer 1975): "The need of European defence is specific to the European continent, which can be destroyed by missiles, invaded by land, airborne or sea-borne forces, or conquered through subversion. The United States' strategic concepts and force postures must be designed to ensure the survival of the U.S. homeland in the nuclear age and only secondarily to meet the needs of its allies. The Western allies should recognize this difference and admit that the magnitude of the threat requires serious division of labour in developing strategic concepts and putting them into practice."

The true nature of the Soviet threat, as well as its magnitude, which many otherwise reasonable people persist in underestimating, is examined by John Erickson, Professor of Defence Studies at Edinburgh University, in "The Soviet Military Effort in the 1970s: Perspectives and Priorities". The nub of the United States/Soviet Union conflict is to be found in the strategic arms limitation talks, in which the Soviet Union is playing a "nervous game with the cruise missile in an attempt to hobble United States technology and to hold the line for Soviet technological progress". But an even more disturbing aspect of Soviet power is military.

The pattern presently emerging in Soviet society—one which has long-term implications quite as significant as the weapons build-

up—is unique among advanced industrial nations in that the armed forces not only remain but are strengthened as "the school of the nation". Within the foreseeable future there is no sector or segment of the Soviet population which will not be either serving in the armed forces or attached to the active reserve, or recruited into civil defence or paramilitary bodies or even as young persons, boys and girls alike, undergoing the statutory 100 hours of pre-call up training either at school or on collective farms and in the factories. Even the very young are not excluded, for in the Young Pioneers (the youth organization bracketing the 10 to 14 age group, before entry to the Young Communists, the Soviet armed forces is part of the political curriculum.

The attitude of the British Government to arms sales comes under fire from James Bellini, Head of Political Studies at the Hudson Institute in Paris. Writing of "National Defence Policy and Arms Sales", he argues for the development of a European arms procurement system, but is under no illusions regarding the difficulty of coming to terms with United States policy as enshrined by Paul Nitze at a Congressional hearing in 1967: "Our entire arms policy is in fact an instrument of foreign policy, and the military sales program is an accurate reflection of considered agreement at the highest levels of authority."

Part 2 of *Brassey's* consists of a series of succinct articles on nearly a score of aspects of modern weapons technology, each one providing the elements of its particular subject, together with any new developments. Reading about cruise missiles and lasers, in particular, one gets the impression that a more economic use of resources in the future will concentrate upon the delivery with extreme precision of small destructive charges upon critically important targets. Science and technology, hitherto directed towards increasing the size of the bang provided by the buck, is now of most utility in making sure that even the smallest bang is worth several bucks. Such a development offers some prospect of Western qualitative superiority providing a balance of sword and shield which would offer an effective counter to the mechanized hordes at the disposal of the Soviet Union, while considerably lessening the nuclear threshold.

In Part 3 *Brassey's* gives a useful selection of the defence literature published between June 1975 and May 1976. There is a good deal of it.

## Missing in action

By Shelford Bidwell

ROGER PARKINSON:  
*Encyclopedia of Modern War*  
226pp. Routledge and Kegan Paul. £7.50.

This is hardly an encyclopedia and is not, strictly speaking, about modern warfare. It is, as Roger Parkinson explains in his preface, a set of notes designed to provide a framework of references to guide students through the "convulsion in warfare" since 1933 to the present day. As it is intended to include all relevant campaigns and battles, all leading personalities—commanders, politicians and writers on the subject—and all advances in weapon design on land, sea and air, it can be seen that the author has set himself a formidable task.

It would not be an impossible one, given a sound grasp of the historical factors and the will to undertake the chosen theme, but the extent of Mr Parkinson's failure can be seen from the subjects ignored or omitted.

There is no mention of logistics; the advances in medicine which protect modern armies from decimation by epidemic diseases; the impact of radio communications on command and control; intelligence, which embraces cryptography, radio-intercept, air photo-reconnaissance, satellites, drones and old-fashioned espionage; ECM (Electronic Counter Measures) and ECCM (Electronic Counter Counter Measures); the adoption of nuclear weapons for battlefield use by ordinary artillery; precision-guided missiles; the effect of missiles on sea warfare; the Geneva Convention, the Red Cross, the laws of war, the trial of war criminals; or of arms control. All these, surely, are subjects which cannot be omitted from any serious reference work on modern warfare.

Anti-submarine warfare, of the utmost importance today, is not treated as a separate subject and is dismissed in a single sentence under "another heading". "Tank Warfare" for some reason is confined to "1939-45", without any reference elsewhere to the fundamental changes since that date in either weapon design or tactics.

The balance of the book is concerned not with modernity but the Late Gunpowder Age. Space could have been found for what is relevant if a ruthless editor had revised, for instance, the section on Waterloo, the chase of the Light Brigade, close-order drill and the tactical value of the column formation and

the infantry square, the India Mutiny, Custer's Last Stand and the massacre of the surrendered Indians at Wounded Knee.

The author is sure on questions of strategy but even here there is room to quibble. Fuller is not credited with the principles of War "which, unquestionably as they may be now, were long the guide-lines of general staffs and are, with a different terminology, those of the Soviet army forces today"; the explanation of the strategy of the indirect approach is inadequate, and to try to cram the disparate subjects of people's wars, partisans, rural and urban guerrilla and terrorism under the single heading of "Guerrilla Warfare" is a false reading of a complex subject.

Admittedly, the author often useful information from time to time, and there is always room for argument about what to include. There can be too, however, about the value of the sections on weapons, which are full of the grossest errors of fact, and misapprehensions of entries under shrapnel and the rocket bomb are howlers of the magnitude. This is inexcusable in view of the ample literature available. Altogether this publisher shows that no single author is safely attempt so wide-ranging a subject.

## Fusillades of verse

By Timothy Webb

BETTY T. BENNETT (Editor):  
*British War Poetry in the Age of Romanticism: 1791-1815*  
540pp. New York: Garland Publishing. \$11.

CLEMENT DUNBAR:  
*A Bibliography of Shelley Studies: 1821-1930*  
320pp. Garland Publishing.

Romantic studies continue to flourish in America. Garland Publishing, who produced the *Romanticism* series, are now issuing a new series called *The Romantic Canon: Poetry 1789-1830* (124 volumes) which is scheduled to appear over the next three years. The series of critical essays, the poetry of the lesser figures of that period, age of poetic achievement. Until the rest of the series, the first volume is devoted to the work of one of two poets but is a valuable anthology which is a good starting point for all its readers, and consequences and which represents a variety of poetic attitudes. Three hundred and fifty poems have been gathered from periodicals, newspapers and bookshelves, and from contemporary collections, and are arranged according to the year of publication. Many of the poets are anonymous and who are identified are generally of minor status; very few of their verses will be familiar to the specialized reader. The series has produced a valuable service, both in the collection of poems and in the careful editorial annotation. She has provided a good starting point for all its readers, and a valuable reference work for the study of the major Romantic poets, who are excluded here, and a wide spectrum of verse, from the minor and popular to the serious and profound, in its own right.

Garland are also responsible for Clement Dunbar's *Shelley Studies*. This is designed to provide the Shelley section in a major bibliography, book or minor. This is extremely helpful, as it is arranged chronologically and is specified as predominantly biographical, textual or critical or as a mixture. Mr Dunbar meticulously records references to Shelley but notes their significance appears to be minor. This is extremely helpful, as it is his practice of recording in page numbers where the references are scattered or Shelley is the subject of one or more chapters. The bibliography (which does not include the end of 1930 when *Keats-Shelley Journal* inaugurated its annual bookkeeping) shows all

value and perhaps some distinction. Rag-bags, alas, have no distinction apart from that of their individual contents.

Such reflections arise at turning one's eyes from the grand title one reads contributions like "First Training and the Royal Navy, 1918-1939", by Anthony R. Wells; "German Air Power and the Munich Crisis", by Williamson Murray; "The Introduction of War Office Selection Boards in the British Army: A Personal Reflection", by Brigadier Vinden. Competent though all these pieces may be—and Brigadier Vinden's reflections are particularly illuminating—they strike one as having been included because they were available rather than because they cohered in some unifying plan. A lively account by Stephen Books of his cataloguing of Liddell Hart's papers (a basic document, this, for the Liddell Hart-watchers), and John R. Hirst's account of the American Navy in the world of Franklin and Jefferson do nothing to diminish a sense that something is wrong.

It is a sense only fortified by Suzanne Buckley's lucid analysis of the failure to resolve the problem of the disease among the troops in Britain during the First World War, or Neil Wynn's excellent and disheartening survey, "War and Social Change: The Black American in 'Two World Wars'". These, which suitably illustrate the theme of the title, and we should have had a book with a distinctive character.

## The curve of reputation

By John Beer

JOSAPHINE ITAVEN, RICHARD HAVEN, MAURIANNE ADAMS:  
Samuel Taylor Coleridge  
*An Annotated Bibliography of Criticism and Scholarship*  
Volume 1: 1793-1899  
382pp. Boston: G. K. Hall. \$27.50.

The history of Coleridge's reputation in the nineteenth century is absorbing. No writer, perhaps, fascinated or baffled the Victorians more. His writings on the Anglican Church offered hope to those who found their faith under attack, yet in his historical terms at least his theology was demonstrably unorthodox. He called for moral regeneration, yet was himself a vacillating man and at times a slave to optimism. He had a highly original intelligence, yet could write turbidly or obscurely.

The first volume of the new *Annotated Bibliography*, a splendid guide to what was written on Coleridge during those years, is indispensable to those who wish to study this influence. Containing nearly 2,000 items, it aims to bring together not only all books and articles devoted to Coleridge in the period but as many discussions of him in other works as the editors have been able to discover. (Other effects of his influence, such as very brief allusions, or the appearances of his writings in anthologies, are, for understandable reasons, excluded; nineteenth-century materials which were not published until the twentieth century—e.g. collections of letters—also escape the net, but will presumably be picked up in the later volumes.) The result of these labours is, for the first time, it is possible to trace with some accuracy the various currents of opinion about him during the period. Indeed, it is hardly an exaggeration to say that the position of the researcher has been transformed overnight.

What general patterns emerge? The first and most noticeable is a turn of opinion against Coleridge during the 1850s. After his death in 1834 there was a wave of interest, particularly concerning his theological opinions, which culminated in the 1850s. The following year James Riggs's *Modern Anglican Theology* appeared, with its sharp attack on the Coleridgeans, and was well received in the religious press. At the same time a sharp decline of interest in Coleridge can be

traced. After two decades in which every year had brought forth at least fifteen articles in Coleridge books, 1858 saw only four items, none of great significance.

Coleridge's reputation had entered a new phase, characterized largely by hostile pieces and slight notes. This was an age dominated by Carlyle's caustic wit, by Ruskin's characterization of Coleridge as "sickly and useless", and by the rise of Darwinian view of nature which moved sharply against previous attempts to see nature as a primarily benevolent force—attempts which had sometimes fed on a reading of Coleridge's early conservation poems at the expense of "Dejection".

For a generation after Coleridge's death, in fact, his influence had operated at two levels. In his earlier writings he had explored ideas which he later came to believe were potentially dangerous in their moral effect; he therefore continued to mention them in footnotes and asides to his published works and in his private conversations, but constructed his public works on a more conventional basis. The result was that so long as his friends and associates were alive his larger influence continued to work; once the public were left with his published works alone, on the other hand, the way lay open for a more hostile approach, particularly from theologians of a more orthodox cast of mind. Accusations of plagiarism (though they did not touch the late theological writings) cast a further cloud over his reputation, and it is a small wonder that many Victorian readers, denied ready access to the letters and notebooks where indications of Coleridge's originality are more easily to be found, hardly knew a name of the matter.

Yet so far as the nineteenth century is concerned this is not the end of the affair—a point which is partially obscured in the present volume by the decision to end it in 1900. While admitting that the cult-point was chosen largely for convenience, the editors maintain that it can also be justified as falling within a period which separates distinguishable periods of interest in Coleridge and his work. There is room for dispute here, however.

It is true that interest in Coleridge as a thinker had declined during the nineteenth century, and that the beginning of "modern" interest in his work did not get fully underway until the 1920s; but the bibliography itself gives firm evidence of another surge of interest in his work, beginning about 1885, at the time of his commemoration in Westminster Abbey, and continuing until the First World War. This

time there was little controversy, since the new interest was associated with the rediscovery of Coleridge as one of the most sensitive and imaginative writers in the language—a discovery augmented by the extensive publication of his letters and of the fine selection from his notebooks in *Living Poems*. The regular appearance of new editions up to the outbreak of the First World War is further evidence that as a poet, critic and man of letters Coleridge appealed deeply to writers at this time—particularly those associated with the Aesthetic Movement. Walter Pater's enthusiasm is significant. Only when such subjective and impressionistic poetry went out of fashion under the impact of Pound, Eliot and "modernism" did this phase of Coleridge's reputation begin to wane—and then not for long. A decade later interest was rekindled by the imagist approach of Livingston Lowes, which offered a new way of valuing Coleridge's achievement in poetry, and since that time the interest in his thinking, particularly as revealed in his early notebooks and letters, has grown steadily.

All this will no doubt become clearer when the second volume of the *Annotated Bibliography* appears. In the meantime, there are a few minor criticisms to be made of the work as so far presented. Although the editors defend their decision not to mention editions of Coleridge's own writings except where they contain new matter by others, I find this a lack. Even simple mention of each new edition as it appeared would have helped to indicate what reviewers and commentators were responding to at particular times and chart the progress of his reputation. It is also disappointing that the editors did not give any guide in the whereabouts of the more obscure items. Union catalogues will help with the periodicals but not with the books. The editorial annotations, finally, while often very helpful, do not make a clear enough distinction between those items which contain original or previously unpublished matter and those which do not, and the index, while admirably comprehensive in scope, is sometimes incomplete.

The editors also express fears that some items may yet have escaped them. My own quick check reveals only one which ought to have been included and is not: the memoir of Coleridge by his son Derwent, which was published in the 1860s. It is also disappointing that the editors did not give any guide in the whereabouts of the more obscure items. Union catalogues will help with the periodicals but not with the books. The editorial annotations, finally, while often very helpful, do not make a clear enough distinction between those items which contain original or previously unpublished matter and those which do not, and the index, while admirably comprehensive in scope, is sometimes incomplete.

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Publications

## The critical list

By Brian Maidment

KIRK H. DEETZ:  
John Ruskin  
*A Bibliography, 1900-1974*  
113pp. Metuchen, New Jersey: Scarecrow Press. \$6.

This volume in the Scarecrow Author Bibliographies series provides a bibliographical account of a writer, but of a reputation. Necessarily for a bibliography covering the seventy-five years since Ruskin's death, the entries are dominated by secondary criticism, and the graduate-school feel of the book is furthered by the marshalling of close on a thousand entries into separate sections on various, not always judiciously chosen, aspects of Ruskin's

George Gordon, Lord Byron — subtitle: a comprehensive bibliography of secondary materials in English, 1807-1974 — by Oscar José Sanucho, is a further volume in the Scarecrow Author Bibliographies series. No 30 (654pp. Metuchen, New Jersey: Scarecrow Press. \$22.50). The volume begins with a 164-page "critical review of research" by Clement Tyson Goodie Jr: the review is divided into ten parts, the last of which is about the "golden years", 1



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## Some things rich and strange

By S. P. Dance

**GEORGE E. RADWIN AND ANTHONY D'ATHILLO**  
**Murex Shells of the World**  
284pp, and 32 colour plates. Stan-  
ford University Press. \$35.

The new popularity of shell collecting explains the increasing number of books about shells coming in the market. In this respect, the publication of this expensive book on a small but select group of marine creatures, murex shells, is worth noting here. Shell collectors usually begin their hobby—(or some it is a scientific discipline) by collecting any and every structure of shell they come across. Many of them, after the initial omnivorous stage is over, become fascinated by particular kinds of shells and subsequently devote their energies in building up specialized collections. Specializing in restricted branches of conchology, as in any other study, requires specialized books—no general manual can illustrate and describe more than a small fraction of the 100,000 or so different

species of shelled and non-shelled molluscs living in the world today.

To produce the kind of book needed by more advanced collectors and professional biologists it is necessary to find specialists willing and able to write it and then to find a publisher who will risk publishing it. Rarely, in the conchological world, do these factors combine and bear fruit. Whatever the merits or demerits of *Murex Shells of the World* therefore, it represents an unusual publishing event: only about half a dozen comparable books have been published in this century, most of them during the past decade.

Murex shells are among the most attractive of all marine invertebrates and display a wonderful variety of beautiful and bizarre forms, often combined with exquisite colouring. Consequently they are favourites with many collectors. Included among them is a large number of species noteworthy for their many long and delicate spines or for the development of a few flange-like processes sprouting from the surfaces of their shells. Of these murex shells which are not as exciting visually one or two are notorious

for a very different reason: the animals inside them furnish a permanent purple dye, a commodity historically associated with the Phoenicians in whose economy it played a significant part. George E. Radwin and Anthony D'Attilio's book describes and illustrates all these different species as well as many related but comparatively undistinguished ones.

The essentially technical text is enlivened by excellent drawings of whole shells, parts of shells and enlarged views of certain structures (radular teeth) peculiar to the animals which fashioned the shells and on which their classification largely depends. The most striking feature of the book is the section of thirty-two colour plates, where most of the species are illustrated. The background of these plates is very fetching but tends to diminish the attractiveness of the colouring of the shells. A more serious criticism may be levelled at the small size of some of the illustrations. Occasionally they are so small as to be almost useless for identification purposes and contrast strangely with some of the excellent line-drawings showing enlarged views of small species.

The introduction brings together information on a variety of topics previously dispersed in scientific journals and books which, for men collectors, are either unobtainable or inaccessible. An appendix lists and describes a number of species new to science. It would have been better if these novelties could have been placed in the main text, and which between their closest relatives. The section on "Literature cited" is impressively long and the index lists every scientific name mentioned in the book. The glossary of technical terms is extensive and well illustrated with line drawings.

The generic descriptions are mostly adequate, but for several genera of small species—mostly distant relatives of the murex shells proper—the authors give no description. In such instances they say that no previous description has been given, the only indication of the generic limits being the designation of a typical species. This is a poor excuse for not providing a diagnosis in this otherwise authoritative book. If they accept that a genus exists we should expect them to describe it for us. No such fault can be found with the species descriptions, which are detailed and clearly written.

## Roll of honour

By D. B. Waterhouse

**LAURANCE P. ROBERTS**  
**A Dictionary of Japanese Artists**  
299pp. Oxford: Phaidon/Weather-  
hill. £13.50.

Laurance P. Roberts has previously written a compact guide to Japanese museums, which contains much information not readily available even in Japanese sources. He has now produced a much more ambitious work, similarly directed at foreign students of Japanese art, and also containing things which are not to be found in native reference books. Foreigners who could not consult Japanese dictionaries of painting have hitherto used for ready reference a small *Index of Japanese Painters*, compiled by Japanese scholars and first published in 1940. This will now be completely superseded.

Mr Roberts's dictionary includes not only painters, but also sculptors, potters, print-makers and lacquerers. Among the print-makers are some who are known only for their book illustrations; while metalworkers and carvers of small objects other than lacquer are not included among the sculptors. Calligraphers too are omitted. In fact, the only one-volume Japanese dictionary which has attempted to include all the arts and crafts runs to some 2,000 pages, and from the outside it resembles an old edition of *Burke's Peerage*. Mr Roberts, who does not cite this book, must have wished to keep his work to a manageable size; but we must hope that eventually there will be a companion volume covering

swordsmiths and makers of sword furniture, nete and other art objects, most of whom signed their work. Mr Roberts has also excluded artists born after 1900, unless they died prior to 1972. This last limitation too is understandable, but it has the effect of excluding, for example, the great print-maker Minakata Shikō, though lesser men who are still alive get in.

There are many Japanese dictionaries of painting, several of ceramics and print-making, but few convenient references on sculpture and lacquer. Mr Roberts has drawn on the most important of all these, but has also made use of an impressive number of specialized studies, in both Japanese and European languages. Indeed, the bibliography is not the least useful feature of his book. There is also an unusual and informative "Appendix of Art Organizations and Institutions", listing the many artists' groups formed since Meiji.

Most entries in the dictionary include references to public collections, both Japanese and Western, and another feature which will be found in no other dictionary of Japanese art. Since there are still no catalogues raisonnés or even monographs on many major artists, this last is a useful but quite risky undertaking. One can understand why "some of the public collections could not (or would not) make available the records of Japanese artists in their holdings". However, Mr Roberts seems to be aware of the hazards, and his references to paintings in Western collections are particularly helpful, which have been little studied by anybody, should do much to stimulate further research.

In general *A Dictionary of Japanese Artists* is pleasantly designed and easy to use. Artists

are cited according to their most familiar name, but an index at the end of the book gives the "alternate names" (ie, their alternative Chinese characters for all the names, and the characters are repeated at the end of each entry, to save the reader's time. The only clumsy feature is the system used to cite collections: to decipher "Museum (3)", for example, as "Museum of Fine Arts, Boston", one has to turn to another appendix hidden near the end of the book. Abbreviations are certainly desirable, but a system of initials (eg, MFAB) would have taken up less space and be easier to remember. It would also be helpful in future editions to subdivide, clearly, the bibliographical citations for major artists: what Arthur Morrison wrote in 1911 about Sotatsu, in a general work on Japanese painting, is less important than what Yamane Yūso, the greatest modern Japanese authority on him, wrote in 1962.

It will be apparent that the Dictionary is far from being a pale copy of some Japanese work. In fact, it embodies much original material, and can be consulted with profit by anyone seriously interested in Japanese art, including those who read Japanese. It is also quite free from the underestimation which we sometimes find in books on Far Eastern art that are written for the use of foreigners. Whatever corrections of detail will prove necessary, this painstaking summary of knowledge that is so useful to students of Japanese art will be a healthy influence in both East and West. The author and his publisher have earned the gratitude of all who take pleasure in Japanese art.

## In other words

By Rex Last

**R. B. FARRELL**  
**Dictionary of German Synonyms**  
Third Edition  
412pp. Cambridge University Press.  
£10.50 (paperback, £3.95).

The serious English student of the German language will have been hampered in his studies by an inadequate provision of reliable aids to an understanding of the niceties (not to say unpleasantries) of German grammar and vocabulary. Only recently has an outstandingly good grammar appeared, by the euphonious Hans Bauer, and there is still a serious dearth of adequate dictionaries, although a middle-priced dictionary in competition with Langenscheidt is promised by Collins in the next year or so. There is also a serious gap to be filled in the context of German synonyms—not to say homonyms and homographs—which this third edition of R. B. Farrell's *Dictionary of German Synonyms* regrettably fails to fill on a number of counts, not least that of price.

Odd though it may seem for a work of reference like this, Farrell's Dictionary is most readable. This is attributable to the fact that, unlike those works of this nature, it is written, not by a committee but by an individual who writes in a direct and unassuming style on matters which should be compulsory bedtime reading for every university student of German. The subdivisions of some of the headings are a little arbitrary, and there is a tendency to wander off into involved and somewhat confused footnotes, but by and large, this is a most informative, accurate and useful work.

Unfortunately its usefulness is seriously reduced by weaknesses in the indexing system which one should not expect to find in books published under this imprint. The user is hampered in the first instance by the fact that the "List of words treated" does not always indicate the parts of speech of a given word analyzed in the body of the text; for example, "call", "catch", "shape" or "show", which will cause the user to waste his time if, for example, he is in search of the right noun for a

good show" and finds to his frustration that the "show" in the last entry leads him only to verbal forms in German.

Far more serious, however, are the omissions in the indexes, both German and English, despite the fact that the preface to the third edition claims to have ironed out "errors in page references in the English and German word lists at the end of the book". Apart from a number of minor inconsistencies and unexplained bracketed numbers in the English word list, a spot check reveals *inter alia* that there is no reference to "soft" as a headword (page 318); that "advice" is not listed for page 275, where it, too, is a headword; and that "disgraceful" and "pot" are omitted (page 308 and page 353 respectively). On the German side, there is no consistency at all in regard to what is included or left out: words in bold type in the body of the text like "Bauernhof", "Gut", and "Landgut" (pages 120-21) find no mention in the index, nor do "gullen" and "nachsen" (pages 321 and 280 respectively) in important illustrations of their use, let alone a whole string of words on page 285, all in bold type starting with "sichselbst" and ending with "heilig". The presumably the index refers to referring to "gefährlich" or its opposite (page 288) because it is misprinted in Section 3, page 288 as "ungefährlich".

With regard to its usefulness to the average student, especially in view of the indexing errors, this volume simply does not provide service of a sufficient standard. The *Dictionary of German Synonyms* only abbreviates the titles of the various Oxford English dictionaries it consults as COD, POD and SOD respectively, and one is half tempted to wonder whether anyone in doubt to consult this work could be described as having gone to the DOCS.

## Last year

By Roger Morgan

**D. C. WATT (Editor)**  
**Survey of International Affairs**  
1963  
351pp. Oxford University Press for  
Royal Institute of International  
Affairs. £25.

The Chatham House Survey of 1963 will be the last to appear in a series started by Arnold Toynbee in 1924. In the years since then the imposing row of red-bound tomes has drawn on the talents of a succession of gifted scholars: Peter Calvocoressi, Coral Bell, Geoffrey Barraclough, and for the 1961, 1962 and 1963 volumes, Donald Watt. Unfortunately, as the Director of Chatham House says in his preface to this last volume, the flow of world affairs has become too copious for a single editor, even aided by a powerful team of co-authors, to digest and present them, as Toynbee did, quickly enough for readers concerned with current and very recent events. Reference libraries, teachers and students will now have to manage without Chatham House's monu-

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## Who's Who in Saudi Arabia

Editor: Professor Samir Sarhan, Jeddah University. A biographical dictionary of the most prominent people in Saudi Arabia today. The Who's Who covers all fields of activity, including those of government, commerce, science and the arts. Published jointly with Thomson, Jeddah, Saudi Arabia.

July, 1977. 274 pages

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## Hemlock and after

By Michael Trend

**JOHN TAMPLION**  
**Dangerous Plants**  
176pp. David and Charles. £4.95.

When Pompey conquered Mithridates it is said that among the first of the spoils which he tried to secure was the old king's antidote for poisoning. In the courts of the ancient world, the Middle Ages and the Renaissance, poisonings were more than common and such a recipe would have been worth knowing (and who could have imagined sleeping soundly at Elsinore?). Although the dangerous qualities of certain plants were appreciated from the earliest times the idea of poison as we tend to envisage it (the bottle labelled with a grim looking skull and crossed bones) is relatively modern. Pliny, in his massive *Natural History*, nowhere lists poisons as such and often mentions the supposed healing properties of certain plants which today we would steer well clear of. The poet Theophrastus advised a solution of deadly nightshade for strengthening loose teeth.

Pliny, following a long tradition,

wrote of poisons which were "poisonous to poisons" and Theophrastus noted the prophylactic power of taking small doses of particular poisons. This idea lasted through the handbooks of the Middle Ages, such as *Antipater's Melancholy* and beyond—and in some areas, notably in homeopathic medicine, continues to the present day. By the seventeenth century poisonous plants were beginning to be studied more scientifically in our sense of the word. The study of phytochemistry was on its way. Modern medical science has greatly added to our knowledge especially in the understanding of hypersensitivity, anaphylaxis and allergies, and has also recently taken a more serious look at the possible irritative use of certain poisons derived from plants. However, today's average urban man on his rural rides is thought, probably quite correctly, by John Tampion to be in greater danger from the "contemporary antidote" to his dangerous plants book with a "contemporary" approach for he does not concern himself with the immemorial history of poisons and poisoning which underwrites even the most modern toxicology.

Mr Tampion addresses himself at

the outset to the identification of today's most likely casualty. He is a worshipper of "natural food", an "ignorant disciple, armed only with word-of-mouth descriptions and the torn-out page of a magazine, loose in the countryside looking for food". He is no doubt also interested in "the so-called 'memento of life'" that Mr Tampion says has led many young people to experiment with drugs from plants in their search for "enlightenment". The author is no less anxious about the effects from extracts of certain plants, like the debilitating *Thymus* (*Thymus stramonium*), when used to further the purposes of crime—or prostitution: "so beware the incense smoke laced with stramonium!" This from his introduction, which tends to suggest that things are becoming desperate. The following sections of his book are written with a more judicious tone, are well informed and easy to follow.

An opening section on plant terminology, and over 100 illustrated pages of detailed descriptions of various plants (one per page), illustrated by good line-drawings, clearly and concisely spell out the subtle dangers of plants that can be found commonly both in and outdoors, cultivated and wild, in Britain,

Europe and North America. There follow an account of plant poison and their effects, advice on what to do in cases of poisoning, a section on allergies and harmful substances in food, and lists of plants reported as dangerous or as causing dermatitis.

The book would have been more useful if it could have included short notes on the effects caused by these plants on various animals, which are in more danger than humans. Although most animals seem to be canny in this matter, the author could, perhaps, have cited an example of the ease with which animals can be poisoned, such as the cat and fatal case reported by A. A. Forsyth, a former principal of Glasgow Veterinary College—of a young child's pony which had eaten a feed of nuts split under a larch tree where the feed had











